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The West That's Gone

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THE WEST THAT'S GONE

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Master of Arts

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by

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

This is the saga of William Cochran and his parents--wire-recorded interviews of his experiences told to his daughter, who has arranged the material in orderly sequence, but kept his language.

He came west where the buffalo were, in the wild, rough 70's, and on farther west to the cattle range in the 80's. These were days when families moved to take up homesteads in the face of hardship and disappointments.

Bill followed civilization west and learned the cattle business. He tells of his experiences. He paints a huge canvas of people he knew--Indians, murderers, robbers, horse thieves, and cattlemen.

The West was in Bill's blood, inherited from his forefathers. He rubbed against its heroism and fury, and learned to protect himself.

He has a memory richly stored with an account of the exciting days of our western frontier where for forty years he rode over the Southwestern United States, first as a farmer boy, and later as cowboy, rancher, and deputy sheriff. The picture of these early experiences seemed worth recording and preserving for the future before all of

the old settlers were gone. This is the result--an effort to picture that life truly and realistically.

The most valuable sources are the wire recordings, plus lecture notes from the courses of Doctor Mody C. Boatright of the University of Texas, visiting professor at College of the Pacific during the 1951 Summer Session, and from "History of the Frontier," a course given by Doctor Malcolm Eiselen. Doctor Allen Woodall of the English Department suggested that the recorded experiences be compiled into a social document. Ralph Moody, author of Little Britches and Man of the Family, also encouraged the continuation of the project.

The account is limited geographically to what is now south-central Kansas, northern Oklahoma, and the northwest angle of that state, known as No Man's Land, which was attached to no state or territory until 1890.

In addition to the value of this material for its historical interest, it appears to contain subject matter and vocabulary simplicity suitable for adolescents, especially boys, who may have found reading an uninteresting experience. It is hoped that some of the events included herein may appear in printed form, adapted for classroom use, and that many of them may be published for adults.

The materials contained in the Bibliography gave the investigator inspirational and informational background, as well as verifying many of the facts contained in the recordings. They are listed to serve the same purpose for the reader.

CHAPTER II

WE MOVE TO KANSAS

In the winter of 1871 my father, with a colony of farmers, moved into the Chickasaw Territory, which is now a portion of Oklahoma, and took up some land, or tried to. The Federal Government moved them all out in the fall of 1871 back into Missouri. It was Indian land and they were not allowed in there.

In April, 1872 in our move from Missouri to Kansas we came through by Wichita and over the ground near where Hutchinson now is, crossing the Arkansas River. We drove two yoke of oxen and two prairie schooner wagons.

As we drove across the Arkansas River there was a man drove up behind the wagon with a span of mules. He had a wagon load of apples. His sign was a big red apple sticking up on a stick in the corner of the wagon box. He was peddling them out there as that was the edge of the settlement where people were taking up homes.

Father and one of his younger brothers had already been in south and western Kansas, in what is now Barber County, so we were moving to our new location.

We journeyed on for several days and got into the edge of where the buffalo ranged. My father, mother, and

four children made the trip, and my father's brother drove one of the wagons. He killed the first buffalo I ever saw killed. It was quite a sight to me. When we drove up with wagon, he was sitting on the dead buffalo, whistling. That made plenty of meat until the end of our journey. My uncle's name was "Bid," Alfred by name.

We had a box with some chickens in it fastened on to the back end of one of the wagons. In driving across the prairies there were no roads and it was quite rough. We traveled by direction in a southwest course.

In crossing a rough place the bottom fell out of the chicken coop. We had quite a time catching the chickens and putting them back.

We brought about a dozen of them, and that's where we got our eggs. They resembled the brown leghorns they have now. When we weren't traveling they just ran outside, and we had a little coop for them to get into at night.

When we got to our new location on a little creek Dad named Mulberry, we made camp until the men folks could build a temporary house.

They set the wagon box off the old prairie schooner wagon onto the ground for Mother and us children to sleep in. It came an awful snow storm and blizzard and blew so hard it turned that wagon box around end-wise with the

storm. We all had to vacate because it was right out on the flats, and we went about six hundred yards, or something like that over a sand hill into the edge of the Medicine River timber and established a camp there.

We set up camp behind a big log. The men then went to carrying the camping outfit, bedding, the old Dutch ovens, and so forth so we'd have equipment there to cook and eat.

The snow was seven inches deep, but there was lots of wood and they built up a big fire which soon melted off the snow and made a place where we kids could play.

After the camp was established and everything was in good order and dinner over, Father said to Mother, "I think I'll go out and kill a wild turkey."

He got his old muzzle-loading shotgun and went out into the timber. After awhile he came back. I don't remember, but he had two or three turkeys, so we had plenty of meat.

The game we had those days was buffalo, deer, antelope, turkeys, prairie chickens, quail, and black bear. I have seen four or five hundred turkeys in a drove. They look just like the regular turkeys we have now only a little smaller. The bobwhite quail were also numerous. There were tree squirrels, and the streams were full of catfish.

We stayed in the camp on the Medicine River until Father and his brother cut the logs and hauled them on the running gears of the wagon that they'd taken the box off, and built what they called a hackel house.

The way to build a hackel house is to dig a ditch the size of the house. If I remember right it was about twelve feet square they built that little shack. They dug a ditch about a foot and a half deep and cut those logs all the same length, hewed two sides of them and set them right up together in this ditch. The top of all those logs were cut off in a kind of wedge shape.

They put the dirt in around the logs and tamped it, and then took another log and cut it out like a trough and turned it bottom side over the top wedge-shaped edge of those logs to hold them straight and to hold them together.

After they got that done they went to work and made a thatched roof. Then banked the house all up on the outside with dirt at the bottom so the wind couldn't blow under the floor.

A thatched roof was a pitched, sloping roof. They would take logs eight or ten inches through and long enough to reach from the walls of the house up to the center.

Next they would take an axe and chop each log out like to make a trough (hollow them out in the center on one

side). Then they would lay those logs right together with the hollow up.

Then they would chop other logs out hollow, or trough them out in the center, and turn them bottom side up with the edges of them down in the hollow of the logs that were laid there. They would drain the water all off. I never saw one that would leak.

After they made the roof they plastered the cracks in the logs. The outside of the logs were left round and they filled up the space with mud and built a stick and clay chimney and fireplace for Mother to cook.

We lived in the hackel house until the men folks built a log house. We brought a chopping axe to chop and fall trees and to cut notches at the ends of the logs in putting up log buildings.

They would select logs somewhere near the same size in diameter and the length and width of the building. Four logs were laid on the ground for the foundation and the walls built on top of the edge of these. The logs were dove-tailed so they would lock together. In the house raising they had a man on each corner and those notches had to fit exactly.

The house Father built was about fourteen by eighteen feet, with a north and south door, an east window, and

a fireplace in the west end.

The adz was used to smooth off the logs for the floor. Then a big wooden plane about twenty-four inches long was used. That was called a puncheon floor.

On the hackel house Dad made a thatched roof, but on the log house he laid poles as rafters and poles as sheeting and put on what we called clapboards. They call them shakes nowadays, split out with a froe out of a block of wood, and shaved with a hand drawing knife in an old shaving horse we had.

To make the doors they would hew small poles and make the door jambs. They would fasten them on to the end of the logs with wooden pins. In the early days in the buffalo times we used a buffalo hide for a door shutter.

The windows were framed the same way, and we'd hang a piece of a buffalo hide or maybe a whole one over the hole, and when we wanted fresh air we would fasten that hide out to a pin in the side of the wall.

Dad and uncle made a big fireplace in the big log house. It was built with what they called stick and clay. A stick and clay fireplace and chimney was made of poles notched together and then plastered with clay outside and inside.

They put the clay plaster on there about two to three inches thick and carried it on up with the sticks above the

house roof. Then they would try to find some rocks to lay the bottom. If they couldn't they would put in sticks and put about six inches of clay on top of that so it wouldn't catch fire.

Across the center of this fireplace we ran an iron rod and fastened it into these stick and clay walls for Mother to hang the pots on when she was cooking--for our cast coffee pot and for cooking the food in the old cast kettles.

They chinked and daubed the cracks in the log house. After they were dove-tailed and put together they split chinking and put in the cracks and then plastered it up with gypsum.

There were gypsum ledges there in that country eighteen or twenty feet high. It looks like marble until after it's burned. When you burn it it will powder up and be just like lime, and it sets very quickly. They took that gyp after it was burned and mixed a certain per cent of sand with it and plastered up the log house after it was chinked, and made a good tight wall.

So that's the way the houses were built in the early settlements on the frontier in those days.

When falling timber to build the house Dad set his gun against the trunk of a tree and when he would fall the

tree he would take his gun up to where he was cutting off the top of the log and set it against a tree, as the Indians might attack him any minute.

He wore two belts around him filled with munition, one with which to shoot game and the other to fight Indians. Many a man was killed those days because he used up his belt of munition shooting game that he should have reserved to fight Indians. Father never would use the cartridges that he kept in the belt for Indians for anything else.

Shooting arms then were fifty caliber Springfield rifles, single shot, and fifty caliber Spencer carbines shooting forty grains of black powder. The old Spencers shot so slow you could almost see the balls go. I still have the powder horn my Dad brought from Missouri to Kansas.

I want to tell about some of the other things we brought. We brought a plow that we called a breaking plow to break sod, with a wooden beam with wheels on it to hold it up. It was pulled by two yoke of steers and Father walked and drove the steers. The mould board of the plow was steel or cast iron and so were the points.

We brought also a bull tongue cultivator, one-shovelled bull tongue, they called them those days, to be pulled by a horse or a steer to cultivate between rows.

Another thing we brought from Missouri with us was

a hand mowing scythe to cut the grain for hay.

We also brought two cradles for cradling grain, and a mattock, broad axe, chopping axes, and a foot adz used to adz off floors.

With this mowing scythe we brought along, one man, if he was a good hand, could average somewhere around a half acre of cutting in a day.

In the cradling, if they made two rounds around a good big field, say forty acres, that was a big day's work, and then they would have to stop and bind up the grain by hand with a bunch of the grain, and a great many times have to tie double bands to reach around the bundles.

One stroke with the cradle, swung through a swath of grain, would make a bundle. So that's the way they had to do it. They would cut it and lay it over in a pile and the binder had to go along and bind it up.

Among the saws we brought along from Missouri was one hand saw that was brought over from Scotland. I couldn't give the year, but it was brought over by my great-grandfather on my father's side, and I still have that saw in possession out here in my tool box in good order. I use it occasionally and I expect to hand it on to the next generation.

The cross-cut saw was a saw eight feet long pulled by a man on each end, to saw off the end of logs or to saw down the corners of the log houses. After they were built they were sawed down and made perfectly square.

Many days when I and my oldest brother were boys, we pulled one end of that old saw while our Dad pulled the other.

We brought along from Missouri also a big inch-and-a-half auger with a wooden handle on the top of it to bore holes, and also what they call a gimlet. A gimlet was used the same way, only it was small, and they had different sizes of them. They were different sizes, as we used the old square cut nails those days which were small at the point and were tapered up, got larger clear up to the head. We had to bore holes with a gimlet if we used those nails to keep from splitting the wood.

It was quite a difficult matter and a slow job to put up any kind of buildings or to make anything then. I have out here in the garage an old-fashioned gimlet like was used in those days, and I cherish it very much.

I also have the old broad axe that was brought along. My grandfather bought that in 1840 in Indiana, so he hewed the logs of the house in which I was born, and so I think a great deal of that. I am going to hand it down on to

the children or some of the next generation.

Also along with these tools that we brought, in order to keep edges on them we brought a grindstone similar to the grindstones we use nowadays for edging tools, not emeries, but the common grindstones made by hand. It had a square hole in the center of it, about two and a half inches square. The way we ran that grindstone was to hew out a piece of wood that fit that hole and then put a crank on one end of it, of wood and set it on a wooden frame. It was turned by hand to sharpen tools. At that day those old woodsmen, or axemen, had to have an edge on an axe as keen as a razor, almost, before they would use it.

I. HOUSEKEEPING IN A LOG CABIN

In the covered wagons we brought some things we would need for housekeeping on the frontier. We had an old-fashioned high black-walnut bedstead that stood between three and three and a half feet from the floor. That was the bed Mother and Father and the youngest child occupied.

For us other children, we had what we called a trundle bed. It had no rollers on it, but it would run under this high bed in the daytime with the bedding right on it. We pulled it out from under the big bed to sleep on at night.

This old high bed had holes bored in the feet and the head of it and also in the side rails. There was small, about three eights inch rope stretched across both ways. Those were the springs they had on that big bed.

The bed that we children occupied had just slats laid across, pieces of wood slit out, laid across with a straw tick full of straw. That was what we slept on, and we used the old-fashioned linsey quilts woven by hand to cover with.

Also we had for our kitchen equipment, Dutch ovens to cook in, with big cast kettles to boil meat, fry our steak, buffalo steak or venison, or bear meat, whatever it might be.

We also had a cast kettle to make coffee in. These kettles all hung with a hook on a rod in front of the fireplace.

We also had an old-fashioned coffee mill to hold between your knees and turn the crank to grind the coffee. We brought the coffee with us, of course.

We also brought a loom along to weave cloth, and a spinning wheel and the old cards to card the wool or cotton, whichever we might get ahold of to use, to make cloth. The spinning wheel was all hand made, and also the loom. The cards were made out of a piece of stuff about

four by ten inches of wood with wire needles in it to handle this wool and cotton.

The woman had to know her business in order to run out that cotton or wool, whichever it might be, in a little round string when it came out of the cards, about the size of an ordinary lead pencil. Then they would hook that together as they spun it out like that, and put it on the spinning wheel and spin it and make the yarn out of it to make our clothes and to knit socks and gloves or whatever we might need for wearing apparel.

My mother used to knit the socks that we children wore, and she would sit up there with four needles and knit socks. I have seen her go to sleep many a time knitting, but the knitting went right on. If she happened to drop a stitch during this knitting it would wake her up and she would pick up that stitch and go right along. Lots of times she would run the spinning wheel or knit until twelve o'clock at night in order to supply the family with clothing to wear.

The chairs that we brought along from Missouri with us were old-fashioned hand-made chairs with cane bottoms in them--no rocking chairs. We didn't know what a rocking chair looked like. We were always glad to get to sit down in one of these old cane-bottom chairs.

And the table, I don't know where they got the boards to make the old table we had, but it had legs made of four pieces of poles, and had some boards for the top.

The dishes we had, the plates were what they called pewter, and they would be called now a metal of babbitt, I imagine, or something like that, and the spoons the same way. The old knives and forks had iron handles.

I can remember very distinctly when we were going to have company, after settlers came into that country, and somebody was coming to our place for a meal, I had to go out with those old case knives and forks on a brick-bat or a rock, rather, and scour them to make them look nice and bright to get the rust off.

So that's the way we had our table furnished. We had pewter cups to drink our coffee out of, and also the saucers were the same way.

For Mother to use in her washing, we brought along with us a big cast kettle that held somewhere between thirty-five and forty gallons, with three legs on it. We would lay rocks outside and set that kettle with the legs on the rocks and fill it up with water to heat, for Mother to do the washing.

Later on after we got some more animals out there, we would heat water in that same old kettle to scald our hogs when we would go to butcher.

Mother made the old home-made soap. She used to save what we would call the cracklins after we would render the grease out of the fat. She used the cracklins to make the old-fashioned soap.

We had an ash hopper out there to put the wood ashes in out of the fireplace, and ever so often we would go and pour a bucket of water on top of those ashes. We had a wooden spout fixed there for that water to go on through those ashes and drain off into one of those cast kettles, and that's the lye that Mother used to make soap.

So we got along very nicely, and Mother always kept us and our house clean.

The water we used was carried to the house about one hundred and fifty yards by my brother and myself usually, in an old stave bucket made of cedar, one ahold of each side of it. We also had to carry water from the creek to wash and to fill that big kettle we were just talking about.

We finally dug a well and walled it up. Father walled it up with rocks, and it's still there. I was there twelve years ago. They don't use the water out of it, but you could see the rocks there at the level of the ground of the wall of that old well. It was all swept full of trash and stuff, as they use cistern water there altogether now.

After we would carry this water from the creek in

that old stave cedar pail, we had a block of wood sawed off square fastened against the wall inside the house to set that pail on. When we wanted a drink we either had to drink in one of those old pewter cups or a gourd.

In later years we drank out of a gourd. Take a gourd with a straight handle, and straight neck, rather, and cut the top out of it and make a dipper.

We had no clock, nothing like that, but we looked at the sun. The way the sun would shine in the door after we got the house built we could tell about what time of day it was, and when the time came to eat. That was the main thing.

II. FOOD ON THE FRONTIER

It was pretty hard sledding when I was a child. We ate what we would get. Beside meat we would eat bread made from hand-grated corn which my sister, Millie, Brother Jim, and I grated.

We'd take an old square-cut nail and a piece of tin and punch holes in the tin with the nail. That would make teeth on the lower side. We'd bend that tin and fasten it to a piece of wood and grate the corn before it was dry enough to shell off the cob. Just rub it up and down and cut it with the teeth on that tin and it would fall through

the holes into a vessel below. That's the way we got our corn for the bread. Good old corn pone was pretty good eating. That's the best corn bread a man ever ate.

Dad would plant out a patch of corn. We'd plant out almost everything that we'd have seed to plant in the garden. We used to have to go out once in awhile and shoot at the buffalo to run them out of the roasting-ear patch.

One time I remember a great, big old buffalo bull came in there not too far from the house and went to pulling the leaves off the corn. Dad just fired a shot. He didn't try to kill him. He took right down a row of cucumbers (if I remember right the row was about forty or fifty yards long), great big cucumbers on there. We children went out there and how he did mash those cucumbers running down that row. We went back and told Mother that a buffalo had ruined the most of our cucumbers.

The buffalo would come in there on the creek for water. The creek bordered our farm land on the east. Then when they'd get water they'd come in there to get something to eat. If they weren't disturbed they'd have soon cleaned it all out, too.

During the time Father farmed in Kansas the grasshoppers came in two different years and ate up everything, even the leaves off the trees. At that time the

government would furnish some aid for people that came into the country. My Father never would accept it. As long as he could get munition for his rifle he would live off the country, which we did. Wild game was numerous. He killed deer, buffalo, turkey, and prairie chickens. We also made jerky.

I have seen my Father pay fifty dollars for a hundred pounds of flour at Wichita. (We were about a hundred and fifty miles south and a little east of Dodge City, which was a small settlement then.) We relished wheat bread more than people would cake now.

Later when we raised wheat we had to thrash it by hand. We would smooth off a piece of ground as a tramping floor. I and my oldest brother rode horses round and round in a circle to tramp out the wheat. We would do that for several days at a time--sometimes two weeks, then we would take a wagon-sheet and spread it on the ground and pour the wheat out of a bucket or pan and let the wind blow out the chaff.

We had a brush shed out to the side of our old log house where we cooked and ate in the summertime after we got a stove. It was covered with brush which was green when it was put on, but the leaves finally dried.

Some way or other, I don't know how it happened,

that shed caught on fire. Mother didn't know what to do because it was connected right to the side of our log house.

My Father's youngest sister, Mary, saw the fire. She was over to Grandfather's just a short distance away. I'll never forget the way she ran. She ran like a quarter horse coming down there. She was very active, and she grabbed up a pole, and boy! if she didn't tear that shed down pretty quick.

They threw water out of the well upon the side of the house and put the fire out on the logs. Of course, the logs were about eight or nine inches thick.

That burn would show there today if you'd go there and pull the siding off that's been put on that house since that time.

I always thought about Aunt Mary, what a sweet young woman she was.

III. WE MAKE SYRUP

While we lived in the old log house in what is now Barber County, Kansas, we planted quite a crop of cane, the kind you squeeze the juice out of to make syrup.

Grandfather said, "I'm going to make a mill to grind the juice out of that cane and make some sorghum molasses."

He went down into the woods with his axe and cut down a big ash tree and cut off a log about three and a half long and about three feet in diameter. They rolled it onto a sled they made and dragged it up to where they were going to set this mill and set it up on end. He chiseled out the top of that log with a hand chisel and a mallet, and cut a gain in the center of it to put in a roller. Then he went to work and made the rollers--one big roller, maybe ten or twelve inches in diameter--made it very smooth and set it in the top of this block.

The top of that roller was made square--just a square place on top of it. He got a long pole or log and cut a hole in it to fit over the top end of that big roller. Then he cut a top to hold these rollers in place similar to the one on the bottom, only it was not so long.

Then he cut a smaller roller (whittled it all out with a drawshave) and set it in this top and bottom place so that the big roller as it rolled around moved the smaller one too.

We hooked the horse onto the end of that pole which was fastened to the big roller and the horse walked in a circle round and round. We sat there and poked that cane in there between those rollers. We had a slot made for the juice to run out into a barrel. We put the cane in until

we'd get a barrel of that juice.

We got ahold of a piece of metal somewhere. I don't know where it came from, and made a pan to cook that down in, to boil that juice to get it down to the sorghum. I remember very distinctly that horseshoes were nailed to each end of that pan as handles to lift it off and onto the fire.

We built a kind of furnace to set the pan on and plastered it up on the sides with mud so the smoke wouldn't come out to get into the syrup. We made a barrel of sorghum every fall and that was good "lickin'" for us boys.

When this old mill was grinding the cane, you could hear it squeak for a quarter of a mile, as that old horse went around with it. It was some mill, but it answered the purpose just the same.

When the mill was running, my job was to drive the horse. After he would go round and round about so long he'd get dizzy like a man turning around, and if he got too bad they'd bring in another horse. My job was to follow with a long dogwood switch behind the horse to make him move along at a pretty good gait.

CHAPTER III

LIFE ON MULBERRY CREEK

I. CHERRY AND THE DOGS

The only stock we brought from Missouri was a milk cow. I'll never forget her. She was red in color, and we called her Cherry. We led her behind the wagon.

I remember very distinctly when a herd of Texas cattle came through there later on. They gave all the stock in that country the "Texas fever," and old Cherry lay down on a sand bar down at the creek and died. That was the last of our milk for awhile until we got a chance to buy another milk cow.

Besides the cow and chickens that we brought along was a dog, an old coon hound, well trained. We called him Yock.

Father and Uncle brought that dog out there with them in '71 before we moved out. Father scolded him one morning when he started out to shoot buffalo because the dog wanted to follow him.

When he came back into camp the dog was gone. He just supposed he'd got killed, or something, but in a few nights after, back home in Missouri, where Mother and we kids were, she heard something scratching on the door. She

went to the door and old Yock was there. He'd come back home about two hundred and fifty miles.

We also brought with us two other young hounds. As Dad killed buffalo and staked the hides out on the buffalo grass to dry, the wolves used to come in there at night, the old gray wolves, and pull the flesh off those hides. They used to run those dogs right into the house, because we had no door shutter, only a buffalo hide. It was open in the summer time.

When the gray wolves weren't there the coyotes were. You could hear them at nights after those hides would get a little dry, rip the flesh off. They'd clean up all the hides very nicely.

II. BUFFALO

Father killed buffalo for the hides and meat to support himself and family. I have seen the hillsides, slopes, and flats black with herds of buffalo for days at a time. When the buffalo hunters would shoot at the herds you would hear a roaring noise like a big storm coming. The earth would almost quiver like an earthquake from their running. I have seen Father shoot before breakfast as many as he could skin all day. We could see the smoke of his gun from the house every time he would shoot.

In the early days when we first moved in there the buffalo were quite numerous. We could see them every day, big bunches of them going by. They were our main stay of living. We didn't eat only the choice part of the buffalo, what we called the hump. They call it the loin steak now, I believe, if it's cut from a beef. It was quite a large steak which lay right along at the side of the high hump on the buffalo's back. It was very tender and nice, and good eating. When we needed meat and Father was out killing buffalo he'd bring in some of the hump. We'd have fried meat or we'd boil it or cook it in any way we wanted.

After we were settled down there, Father used to take the buffalo tongues when he was killing them for the hides. Mother would pickle a fifty gallon barrel of buffalo tongues every fall, so we enjoyed buffalo tongues during the winter. They were black, blacker really than a Jersey cow's tongue, but they surely were good eating.

In pickling buffalo tongues Mother always boiled them in water and then made a preparation of vinegar and salt and stuff and poured over them until they were all covered. When we wanted to use them we'd take them out of the barrel and wash them thoroughly. Then you could warm them or eat them cold, whichever you liked.

In the summer time when we couldn't keep steak very long we'd eat jerky. They'd cut the steak in strips and hang it up in the attic of our log house, salt it well, and let it dry. That's what we ate for lunch lots of times, we kids especially.

We used the buffalo hides to make shoes for the children. They'd have a crude pattern, very crude at that too. They'd cut out the tops for the shoes and then the soles. They'd cut the insole a little smaller than the outside sole. They make pegs of hardwood to fasten the soles on with. They'd drive an awl through the insole and outer sole and drive the pegs through the holes against a wooden or iron last. They were wooden those days mostly. They'd clinch right on the inside. That would hold them together.

Then they'd have to go to work and smooth the wooden pegs on the inside so they wouldn't hurt the feet. This leather when they were nailing the soles on was always soaked very thoroughly in water so it was perfectly soft. After the wooden pegs were driven in and that leather was dry it was just as secure as if it had been nailed with metal tacks or sewed.

We just wore these old buffalo-hide shoes or boots in the winter time. In the summer time we went barefooted.

They were very crude and were quite large at the top and the snow quite often fell into them. In the summer when we ran around barefooted the soles of our heels would get so hard you could hardly tell it from leather. You could hear a man or a boy walking on frozen or hard ground for a hundred fifty yards with a pair of those old bull-hide boots on.

I forgot to say in regard to the shoes the men folks wore, my Father especially when they were buffalo hunting. They had lots of running to do. They'd skin a hind leg of a buffalo and where the hock joint was would be the heel. They'd cut it off below there a little longer than their feet. They'd draw up that green hide and tie a string around it. Above the hock of the hind leg, in front, they would split that open for the opening of the shoe and take their hunting knife and cut some holes in there, and cut a string and lace it up, put it on their feet green and let it dry right on their feet so it settled right down just the shape and size of the foot.

They used those shoes because they were light. The handmade buffalo bull-hide shoes were so heavy they couldn't run well with them. They'd wear out a pair of these buffalo-leg shoes about every three or four days. Then they'd skin out another pair and put them on the same way. That's what they used altogether in their buffalo

hunting. The women folks, of course, wore the shoes which were made at the house by their husband or father.

In still-hunting of buffalo they had lots of running to do because they hunted on foot altogether. They'd see a bunch of buffalo coming and they sometimes had to be pretty speedy to get in the lead of them and lie down in a buffalo wallow or in a hole somewhere to be in shooting distance of them when they came along. With those black-powder guns they couldn't kill one more than about a hundred or one hundred fifty yards away.

Few people ever ran buffalo on horses and that was Bill Cody and a few others, but in horse-hunting they drifted them around so much they'd run them off the hunting grounds and the hunters would have to move. If they hunted them on foot they wouldn't stampede so many of them so they would leave the range.

You've heard great stories told about the wagon trains of the emigrants coming west having to stop and wait for the herds of buffalo to go by, so they wouldn't run over them. Also, stories have been written about having to stop the railroad trains. When buffalo were numerous there were no railroad trains.

I've gone out with my Father in the old prairie schooner wagon with a yoke of cattle when he'd go to skin

buffalo he'd already killed. In skinning a buffalo he'd usually skin the head and legs, drive the wagon close enough to the carcass to tie the head to the wheel and hook the old steers to the hide and pull it off the body, throw it in and drive on to another.

We've been out at that business many, many times, and we'd look off and see another bunch of buffalo coming and he'd say to me, "You stay here at the wagon now. I'm going to run on down there and get ahead of them and maybe I can kill some more."

I usually got into the wagon, but once in awhile I stayed on the ground. The wagon had a high box on it. When Dad would go to shooting down there here that bunch of buffalo would come running right straight towards the wagon. Maybe there'd be a thousand, maybe not more than a hundred, at times not so many. I would notice those buffalo when they were coming. They'd get about two or three hundred yards from the wagon and begin to open out a space and they'd go on both sides of the wagon.

After they passed I'd get over on the other side of the wagon and watch them. They'd run sometimes a quarter of a mile and sometimes farther, but that opening they had made to go around the wagon gradually closed in and they'd all be solid together again. They wouldn't any more run

over a wagon or over a railroad train, or over a man than a jackrabbit would.

III. MY BUFFALO QUILT

In 1874, when Mother was making some bedclothes after she was able to get some other goods, she wanted some filling for a quilt because she could get no cotton or wool. Father used to take the long hair off the buffalo and bring it in and Mother padded the quilts with it.

She would wash it thoroughly, get it all clean and nice and straighten it out with the cards like she used to card the wool, and get it in shape together just like a pad of cotton for a quilt. She'd put it in the quilt and then quilt it (sew it through back and forth) to hold the padding in place.

When I left the plains country to come to California I had an old quilt in my camp bed that I'd carried for years and years. It had been re-covered and re-covered. It was padded with buffalo hair. I told my wife I wasn't going to leave that buffalo hair, so I took the covering off and put the hair in a sack. I had a burlap sack almost full of it. It was just as nice and soft at that time as it was when it was taken off the animal. I brought it to California and kept it until our house burned down out

west of Modesto here about three miles and burned it all up.

IV. INDIANS

As more settlers began to come into the country the Indians became very hostile. They killed many people. At what is now Sun City, Kansas, Father and a lot of other men built a stockade as protection from the Indians. It was about a hundred feet square and the walls were five feet high. They cut sod and built the wall and also built a sod house in one corner of it. They left loop holes about ten or twelve inches square along in this wall about ever so many feet for men to shoot through with their rifles in case the Indians surrounded them. Our family was the only family in the country. The rest of them were all just transient men.

We lived in this little sod house in the corner there, and stayed there all one summer until late in the fall after the Indians went into their winter quarters. There was no danger of them during the winter time.

This stockade that I speak of was just a mile by section line from where our house was, and we went back to our house late in the fall.

My Father held a position as a government Indian scout, and when there were any Indian troubles he was

called, or people gathered at our house for protection. I have seen at my Father's house, about a hundred people gathered, all of the community, as my Father was always well armed. They gathered in there from all directions after the country began to settle up. Of course, before that, all the protection we had was what we furnished ourselves, my Father, his brother, and another man or two there.

The women folks and children, as many as could, slept in the house. The men lay on the ground out around the buildings with what guns they had, for protection for their families in case the Indians approached. Usually Indians never made any attack until just at daybreak.

The first person I saw who had been killed by the Indians, was a boy sixteen years old. His scalp was removed, leaving just a little hair in front of one ear.

Father and another man were passing by the dug-out this boy's father had built for himself and family. The man told them two Cheyennes were chasing his boy the last time he saw him. They were all on horseback.

The boy had been herding a little bunch of cows. A short distance from the dug-out the boy's father saw two Indians chasing him. They went into the canyon out of sight.

Shortly after the man saw the Indians going away leading the boy's horse with a saddle on, but he was afraid to go out. He was afraid they would come and kill the balance of the family while he was gone.

My Father went up where the boy was last seen and found him lying down under a bank in a canyon killed and scalped.

They pursued the Indians, but never overtook them; as it was only a short distance to the Indian Territory line.

I have stood beside my Father and seen him shoot at Indians. The Indians were horseback. They had no saddles, but were very skillful bareback riders. All they would have on the horse to ride with was a braided buffalo rawhide rope, half-hitched, or looped, on the under jaw and into the mouth. Every time Father would shoot, the Indians would lean over on the opposite side of their horses and yell.

When we lived in this stockade there at Sun City, one day there were two young men with a nice team of horses and a nice outfit, a new wagon, who drove up there. A half a mile west of there was creek called Turkey Creek with a lot of timber on it. One of them says to my Father, he says, "Is there water up there where that timber is?"

Father say, "Yes, there's plenty of water there, but you better stop here. The redskins'll get your scalp."

"Oh, we're not afraid of 'em. We're well armed. We'll take care of 'em."

They drove on up there, unhooked their team, staked them out. There were buffalo round in sight over on the south slopes across the Medicine River. They were looking at them and were all excited about how they were going to kill some. The first thing they knew two Cheyenne Indians ran out of the timber, jumped off their horses and cut the horses loose, and away they went with the men's horses.

As they came down by where we were, Dad shot five shots at one of them, but the old Indian would fall over on one side of his horse and yell every time he'd shoot, but they kept going. So the fellows lost their horses.

Well, they came running down to the house, and I'm telling you, their hair was almost standing up. They were scared almost out of their wits. They asked Father if he wouldn't take his yoke of cattle and go up there and pull their wagon down.

He went out, took his rifle with him, drove up the old yoke of cattle. We never took the yoke off of them in the summer time because the Indians wouldn't bother them if

you'd leave the yoke on.

Dad pulled their wagon up, and they sold their outfit to different buffalo hunters and different people who came by. They went back to Wichita, and that's the last we ever saw or heard of them.

The Indians there in that country made a treaty with the Federal Government that took place at what is now Medicine Lodge.[1] That's the way the Medicine River got its name.

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[1] "The treaty was with the Five Tribes of Plains Indians that then dominated all the southwest, and they were fighting to keep back the Vanguard of Civilization that had turned its face toward this part of Kansas and to New Mexico and Texas. The five tribes were the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Apaches, the Arapahoes, and the Kiowas." Percy S. Miller, "Pioneer History of Medicine Lodge," (unpublished Master's Thesis, The University of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas, 1945), p. 10, citing Collections of the Kansas State Historical Society (Topeka: Kansas State Printing Plant, 1926).

Henry M. Stanley, who later gained world-wide fame because of his search for Livingston in Africa, was one of the Newspaper reporters who camped on the site to Medicine Lodge in 1867, Loc. cit.

"Many guesses were made as to how many Indians filled the Medicine River Valley during the Conference, but reliable estimates placed the number at around five thousand," Ibid., p. 14.

Attending were such old chiefs as Satanta, Black Kettle, Kicking Crow Bird, Sitting Bear, Little Raven, Wolf Slave, Painted Lips, Ten Bears, and Black Eagle.

They made a treaty there in 1867 just twenty-two miles east of where we lived. There were five regiments of soldiers and five tribes of Indians gathered there to make the treaty to try to stop the killing of the white people. They finally came to an agreement.

My Father was there at the time, as a scout, and he said that the whole ridge there where the town of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, now stands, and on the river bottom was covered with Indian tepees, and over on another slope was the government.

Of course, when they drew up the treaty in writing, the Indian couldn't read. He didn't know anything about it or anything about writing, so the government officials signed his name and had him make his cross on the tail of the last letter as his signature.

They came to a treaty there as an understanding that the government fully agreed to furnish a schoolhouse for every thirty Indian children and hire a teacher to teach them.

After the treaty was made on the school proposition, the Indians wanted hunting boundary lines, so they agreed on the Arkansas River that runs east and west, or practically so, through the State of Kansas as the boundary line. North of the river was to be the white man's hunting

ground, and south of the river was to be the Indian's hunting ground.

The white man began killing the buffalo for their hides, north of the river, chasing them and running them a good deal. Most of the buffalo drifted south of the river, so the white man followed them over, and then the Indians started killing and scalping the white people again.

Years after that I was in the Indian Territory. There was an old Indian chief, I can't call his name now, an old Cheyenne chief. He had twenty-four people's scalps--some children's, some women's, and some men's. Every morning, that is after he became civilized, or supposed to have been, he'd take those scalps and tie them on a tepee pole and stick the pole up in the ground and let them get sunshine, and brushed the hair out on all of them very nicely before he put them up.

When I went to his camp they told me that I'd better watch this old chief because he wanted one more white man's scalp and he's liable to tomahawk you.

I said, "Just let him make a pass at me with a tomahawk and I'll get his scalp pretty quick."

He was old, I have no idea, I expect he was a hundred years old.

The Indians continued to kill people in that country

for a number of years. My Father scouted through there until 1879. He did his last Indian-scouting under Governor St. John of Kansas, along the Territory and Kansas line.

My Father's brother, Henry, came out from Missouri with his wife. They hadn't been married too long, and they stayed there at our place.

Henry decided he wanted to kill a buffalo. Over on the south of the Medicine River were some buffalo on the slope. My Father's other brother was there, and he had a buckskin horse. He called him Jack.

"Henry, get on old Jack and go over there and kill a buffalo."

He got on old Jack and went over there, and pretty soon they heard three or four shots fired, and here came old Jack running back to the house with the saddle and the bridle reins over his neck, running full speed. His wife almost took wings and flew away she was so badly scared. She thought the Indians had killed him.

Father's brother-in-law, named Milt Clemens, was there. Father didn't have any horse up there so he said, "Milt, get on that horse and go over there and see about Henry."

"No," he says, "I'll go up to town and tell the boys about it."

When he got up there, old Tom Walker (he was a very brave man) just jumped on his horse and ripped across that river as fast as the horse could run. He met Henry coming back. He had gotten down to shoot at some buffalo and old Jack stampeded and came back and left him afoot. There wasn't an Indian in sight at the time. So that was a little excitement, but not too much for pioneer people.

My Mother had an aunt, and her husband and family had moved out there. Their names was Whaley. They took up a preemption, that was before homestead times, you couldn't take a homestead; it was called a preemption. They took up a claim right east of grandfather's.

They brought out fifteen or twenty head of cattle with them when they came. The Indians, or somebody else, I don't know for sure, fired a number of shots off south of the river. It was just about breakfast time.

Old Uncle Robert Whaley went out to drive up the cows to milk. When this shooting took place, Mother's aunt had the coffee ready to drink. She grabbed the coffee pot, and it was a half a mile to our house, and she ran all the way down there carrying that coffee pot. I've heard Mother say that coffee was so hot she couldn't drink it out of the cup when she got there. She must have made "railroad time."

She nagged at old Uncle Robert 'til he had to take her back to Missouri. She didn't do anything but cry. She had two children, a girl and a boy. She just wanted to go back to Missouri, so he finally agreed and took her back--sold his cattle and went back and I have never seen them since.

In the winter of 1874 a band of Comanche Indians camped all winter in the timber along the Medicine River bottom within a mile and a quarter of our place. They were peaceable during the winter. They never went out on the warpath in the winter time.

There were some of that band at our house every day begging for something to eat and watching for an opportunity to steal my oldest sister. They offered to trade a whole herd of Indian ponies for her. She was nine years old. They also offered to give, along with the ponies, a big stack of buffalo robes. They couldn't talk English. They would motion and make signs and grunt.

We couldn't afford to give them much to eat. When we would give them coffee to drink they would fill the cup half full with sugar.

Whenever they came to the house they used to take me up on their knee and pull my ears until they were red, then laugh at me and say I was red like they were (made motions to that effect).

After they had been there early one week I was playing with them. They had me on their laps. Before Mother changed my clothes she saw I was very restless at night. She looked under my clothes and found that the lice off the Indians were eating a sore right around my waist where my clothes were tight. Mother soon stopped the playing with the Indians. She would make us children go into the house when they came around.

I remember that a little papoose died that winter. They tied him in a blanket and hung him up as high as they could in the top of a cottonwood tree. It stayed there until in the summer when the sun rotted the blanket and the bones fell to the ground.

The Comanche Indians' way of burying their dead was to find three trees close together where they could put a scaffold of poles, and set the dead body of the adult upon the scaffold. They would take three sticks and prop up their heads, using one stick under the chin and one on either side of the jaws.

A few days before they broke camp in the spring to go south, the medicine man, or big chief, riding a horse, stood on a high hill near our house looking south for an hour or more. In two or three days they broke camp and migrated south.

In 1874, my Father went south to hunt buffalo and he camped on the South Canadian River, four miles east and a little south of what is known as Adobe Walls,[2] where the noted battle was fought between three tribes of Indians, buffalo hunters, and the trading post men.

There were over one thousand Indians and twenty-eight white men. The white men won the fight by being sheltered by the walls that were built of sod, but were called adobe, and also a trading house, or store house built of sacks of sand. The men, in this house that was built with sacks of sand, were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and that was all that saved the white people from being massacred.

When Father came home he told us about the fight. He said they could hear the shooting at their camp and they went up there the next morning.

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[2] James Truslow Adams, Dictionary of American History (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940):

"The Cheyenees joined the Sioux in hostility and from 1860 to 1878 were the most implacable foes of the whites, losing more lives in fighting them than any other plains tribe, in proportion to their numbers.

Among the notable actions was the attack at Adobe Walls, June 27, 1874.

Throughout their wars the Cheyennes were characterized by desperate valor and they did perhaps more than any other tribes, save the Sioux and Apaches, to hold back settlement of the West."

The white men had begun moving the dead horses and dead Indians away. They dragged them on the ground. Sometimes they would put a rope around an Indian's neck and a horse's neck and drag them both away at the same time, with a team. The last time I was there was in the fall of 1889. I saw a number of horses' and Indians' bones still lying out on the flat where they had been dragged.

Father and the men with him hauled loads of hides from the section near Adobe Walls to Dodge City, Kansas, about one hundred and fifty miles north of there. There were four men in the party. At "Dodge," when they delivered a load of hides, they bought supplies to go back and kill more buffalo for the hides.

One of the party got to drinking and made an effort to kill my Father's brother with a knife. They both grabbed guns, and my uncle was a little the quickest with his gun and killed the other man. They buried him on Boot Hill at Dodge City. Fellows who were killed with their boots on were buried there.

After this fight they came back home instead of hunting more buffalo, and never went down there any more.

I just disremember what year it was that Father traded our two yoke of cattle for a team of horses, or mares, and a colt. They were bay in color and the colt was

black. I remember that very well. I've ridden that black one many and many a time, many a mile. He was quite a race horse after that.

I disremember, but I think it was in the fall of '74 that he made the trade, but I might be mistaken in the year. It might have been later than that, but anyway, they drifted south, he and three other men, buffalo hunting, down to the Adobe Walls.

When they came back, I remember very well they were driving horses because we three older children were up on what we called the "high hill" above the house, playing. We saw the wagon come out of the timber from the river down there. There was no road, of course, and we ran to the house as fast as we could to tell Mother that Father had come home.

They had a gray horse in the team and she looked out and said, "No, that isn't him. He hasn't got any gray horse," but when they came up it was him all right. He went away to be gone a week and was gone two months. We thought the Indians had killed the whole bunch of 'em, but they hadn't.

One of their horses had taken sick and died, and there were Indians passing through and they take an old horse when he is pretty well worn out and just ride off and

leave him. They went by close to where they were camped and left this old gray horse. They hooked him in, and he was the gray horse they were working when they came home.

V. INDIAN THIEVES

In 1875 and 1876 Indian troubles were moderately quiet except that twenty-eight Cheyenne Indians came out of the Indian Territory and stole one hundred head of beef steers which belonged to Evans, Hunter, and Evans, that my father's brother was herding in the daytime and corralling in a big wire corral by our house at night.

One morning my uncle got up to turn the steers out to grass, and he had no steers. The Indians had stolen them all and started toward the Territory with them.

I remember very well when my uncle brought the old buckskin horse, called Jack, in the yard and put his saddle on him, mounted and started to Medicine Lodge, twenty-two miles, at the time the first term of court was being held there in what is now Barber County. He went there to get help to pursue these Indians and return the steers.

There were eight mounted men including my father, and his brother, Uncle Bid. They were Charlie Walker, Ben Walker, Tom Walker, Charlie Nelson, Tom Doran, and one whose name I can't remember. They started in pursuit of

the Indians, overtaking them at the Territory line.

The Indians were in camp putting on their war paint to go into the main tribe with one hundred steers to make a big showing. The eight white men held council when they sighted the Indians, to decide what action to take. They all voted to charge them.

As they came around in the forks of a canyon they were right in among the Indians before they were aware they were in the country. They shot them right and left. Some of the Indians went away on foot and some on their horses. The men rounded up the cattle and a number of the Indian's horses that were with them and returned back to our place.

Several Indians had been killed; being too badly surprised to fight. They had gotten about thirty miles with the steers.

About this time Evans, Hunter, and Evans had two men riding line on a bunch of cattle. They had two head of horses each to ride. The men were in camp and there was an old Cheyenne Indian came there and drove their horses away that were loose.

There was another fellow, a partner of this man, that was in camp, a little fellow, but he had lots of nerve. He rode up just as the Indian had gone over the hill out of sight.

His partner says, "A Cheyenne Indian took our horses and is gone."

"Which way did he go?"

"He just went over the hill, right there."

So he lit out over that hill. When he came to the top of that hill he saw the old Cheyenne going with those horses as fast as he could make them run.

When he got up within shooting distance of him he pulled his six-shooter and the first shot he rolled Mister Cheyenne off his horse.

He went on and turned the horses back, and when he turned back the Cheyenne was sitting up there on the ground. He was trying to poke his blanket in the ball hole to stop the blood. He begged, the Cheyenne did, the best he could, but that fellow just shot him through the head and took the horses and the Indian's horse, too, and went on back with them.

Later on that year a doctor came through there with a wagon and team just shortly after this killing. These cow men told the doctor about the Indian being killed over there, and he went over there and cut his head off. He wanted to get the flesh off it, and so he put it in a box and nailed it up and put it in a creek there to soak the flesh off so he could have the skull to put in his office.

In '79 when my Father was scouting under Governor St. John of Kansas he found that box. There came a heavy rain storm and washed it away, and it went way off down the creek. Dad found that box there, and when he saw it he took it out of the creek and broke it open and found Mister Indian's head in there, so the doctor never did get his skull after all.

CHAPTER IV

FROWNS OF FORTUNE

I. WIND AND WATER

A girl, Margaret, was born after my brother Doc. The night after she was born, I remember very distinctly. There was an awful storm came up. It was on the nineteenth day of April, and a cyclone came by.

There was a little town, Sun City, that had started just a mile from us there. There were one or two buildings in it that were two stories high. This cyclone came down and cut them down to just one story.

Up on the upper floor of one of the two-story buildings was a dry goods department. That was in the first days of calico, the cloth they called calico. All, all that calico and all the dry goods on that upper floor was strung on up the river and hung on the trees and scattered for miles.

Father and us two older boys saddled our horses and followed the storm track. Just a mile and a half north of town it pulled the whole end out of one house and blew the chicken house away.

Then a half mile from that place was another house with a family living in it. It blew that house entirely

away, tore it up, and killed three people and injured two others.

You could look up through the timber along the edges of where that storm went and you could just see the calico waving like flags all through the tree tops.

We followed the storm for ten or twelve miles and all we could find were just slivers of the houses that were blown away--just slivers stuck along in the ground. Looked to me like some kids had been playing along there.

While we were there in Kansas there was, I guess you'd call it, a water spout, I don't know. It started raining at seven o'clock in the evening, and it rained until three o'clock the next morning. It just poured down. It rained from every direction, just round and round it seemed like. I stepped outside while it was raining and the water was almost half knee deep to me.

The Medicine River got on a big rampage. It was in April, 1885. People were migrating west quite a lot of them at that time seeking homes. They camped along on the river bottom and had their horses tied to trees. Where there was a big bunch of them they always had a merry time.

In the night, after that rain had fallen half the night or more, that river came down in just a wall of

water and it even drowned the horses tied to the trees and drowned a lot of those people. There were people who had taken preemption claims along the river bottom and built houses along where the water never had been. It washed the houses away and drowned people.

Quite a lot of cattle were in the country at that time, and cowpunchers. There was one fellow by the name of Doran, Tom Doran, who was a cow man. Tom had a little bay horse that was a great swimmer. He swam high.

Tom pulled his saddle off and was swimming out in that river the next morning picking up things that were floating down. Pretty soon I heard a woman screaming and I looked up the river. Here came a house that was in just to the eaves. The whole wall of the house was in the water, and the woman was sitting astride the corner of the roof. She was calling for help.

Old Tom says, "I'll either save that woman or drown."

He lit in on that little old horse with a hackamore on and swam out there. He had quite a time getting her to come down to him. Finally she slid down to him and he took her by the arm and brought her out.

She said she had a baby in her arms when she got on the house, but when it struck a log, or something, and

almost turned clear over she lost her baby. They found it about two and a half miles below where she lost it, after the flood went down.

There was one fellow there (I just can't call his name) the water got up to his house about six or seven feet deep. Right in front of the house was a big elm tree. He helped his wife and child up into that tree, then he climbed up himself.

He was a rather droll-spoken fellow. He sat up there in that tree and got sleepy, I guess. He couldn't grip the limb like a chicken, so he fell out.

When he came up to the top of the water again (I guess he went clear down) he said to his wife, "Do you reckon I went to the bottom?"

He climbed back up into the tree and roosted the rest of the night with his family. People went in the next day and helped them to get out. None of them drowned.

In this same flood my Mother's sister lived down the same river just east of us. There was a man by the name of Froat lived on the corner of my aunt's farm. She was a widow and she had a log house down in the timber there on that river bottom. One of her boys had asked her if he couldn't go down and stay all night with these Froat boys. She let him go.

Well, the next morning the water surrounded the Froats' house for almost half a mile. They supposed all those boys were drowned. The old house had a heavy dirt roof on it was the reason it didn't wash away.

They didn't have any boat, so they didn't know what to do. Finally they found a man who had bought a brand new wagon with a new box on it that was very tight. They tightened up the end of it and plugged up the cracks with rags until it would hold water. They fixed some boards for oars and lit out down in that river bottom to see what had become of those boys.

Before they got down to the cabin they heard the boys singing. They rowed this wagon box up there. The boys had piled all the bedding on one old high wooden bedstead and they were up on top of that, the whole bunch of them. That bedstead would hit one corner and would turn and go around. With the water whirling inside the building it would just revolve round and round, round and round.

There were those kids right in the middle of that bed, the oldest one only about twelve or thirteen years old. They were enjoying life in there, as happy as larks. They took them out and put them in the wagon box and out to dry land.

Uncle Milt Clemens, Father's brother-in-law, lived

about three quarters of a mile from our house, up a little creek called Mulberry. During another storm there was a terrible rain. After a few minutes that creek came down awfully big and wide. Pretty soon we heard Father's sister screaming and yelling. Dad got on a horse and away he went. Uncle was gone from home.

When Dad got there his sister was on top of the house with the children. The water was way up in the house. He took the two children on the horse. It wasn't deep enough, of course to swim the horse. It was only up on the horse's sides.

Aunt says, "If you can get out with the children, I can wade out." He lit out for higher ground with the children, and she waded out.

There was a corral there with some milk pen calves in it. Aunt says, "I'm afraid those calves are going to drown," so Dad went back in there. Those calves were swimming round and round in the corral. He managed to get the gate open and let them out. They swam out to high ground.

He went out to where his sister and the two children were and took the children up, and they came on down to Grandfather's.

They had a stove, which was one of the first cook-stoves that was ever in that country. They only had one

room in that little log house, and they had a dirt roof on it. They had built a shade of brush and poles out against the side of that house and set that stove out there in the summer time. The water rolled that cookstove down that creek about a hundred yards.

After that when uncle came back home they moved their house and put it up on higher ground on the opposite side of the creek.

II. A BLIZZARD

Before the winter of 1874 the government sent down a company of militia. The Indians used to say they could take clubs and run the militia, but they couldn't run the buffalo hunters.

I remember somewhere about fifty or seventy-five men, and, of course, they had to feed them. All of the food stuff had to be hauled from Wichita. That was one hundred twenty-five miles, so pretty slow transportation.

My uncle, Milt Clemens, the man who married my Father's sister, was one of the freighters that freighted this goods from Wichita for the government.

In the winter of 1874 they were coming with loads of goods for the militia and there came an awful snow and blizzard. The snow fell about eight or ten inches deep,

quietly, and then the next few days there came a wind and you couldn't see any place. I remember that storm very distinctly.

Well, there was a bunch of them together, and two men got on their horses and started home. They got just eight miles from home and they froze, so they fell off their horses and died there. The horses came on home was the way they got the word that they were in trouble.

My uncle and another fellow by the name of Marshall, had steers as teams, and they got up and turned their cattle loose. It was night and they had them staked and they turned them loose.

Then they followed south on foot with the storm until they came into the head of a creek called Elm Creek. It runs into the Medicine River right where Medicine Lodge now stands.

They were there in that storm and just couldn't see to go any place, couldn't light a fire the wind blew so hard.

Their boots they had been wearing got covered up in the snow during the night and they got all excited, I suppose. Before they left the wagons they broke open some government boot boxes and put on a pair of new boots each.

Well, that was the worst thing they could have done

in cold weather. But anyway they froze their feet 'til both of them lost their feet just half way below the knees, both feet.

When help went out to hunt them they found them in a little grove of elm trees walking around holding from one tree to another. They couldn't stand alone on their feet without holding to something.

I can remember well seeing uncle's feet. After they thawed out they were black as a men's hat. He and Marshall lay there quite a while, and then they took them to Wichita. I think grandfather and my aunt went with them to a doctor and had both their feet amputated.

They lived to be quite old men, both of them after that, and raised big families. Uncle had pads on his knees that he crawled around on for years. He applied for money enough to buy artificial feet and legs, but it was years before he got it. He traveled on crutches for quite a while and finally got so he could walk on leather pads he had made for his knees out of buffalo hides.

He used to go down on the Medicine River after it began to settle up a little farther out on the plains there, and pull the cottonwood sprouts that would come up from the seed that would blow off the cottonwood trees along the river.

He would take them up there on the flats and peddle them out for so much a hundred for people who had taken up preemptions there to plant out. So that's the way he made his bread and coffee.

It was a pretty hard way of living, but he went on for a number of years and finally the government gave him a pension of seventy-two dollars a month. That was the largest pension paid at that day, and also two hundred fifty dollars every five years to buy him a set of artificial limbs. He used those limbs for a long time and finally he got to crawling around on his knees again and quit using them.

In this blizzard I speak of where my uncle's feet froze and the other man's, and the two men froze to death, why we had our old milk cow that I have talked of before, that died with the "Texas fever." She was in a corral down in the timber somewhere three or four hundred yards from our house. The snow was just a-blowing 'til you couldn't see any place.

Grandfather just lived a short distance from us at the time and he came to the house. Father was off buffalo hunting and grandfather came to the house.

He said to Mother, "That cow will freeze to death down there in the corral. I'll go down there and turn her

out. You stand in the door and if I lose my way I'll holler and you answer me so I can find the way back to the house."

I remember very well Mother standing in the door and the snow a-blowing in the door too, but she stood there and in several minutes grandfather came back. He had found the way down there and turned the old cow out and gotten back to the house all right.

III. FRONTIER MEDICINE

We were a very healthy pioneer family in those days. There were fourteen of us born, four in Missouri, eight in Kansas, and one on the Texequite, near what is now Kenton, Oklahoma. Only one died as an infant, the twin brother of my oldest brother, Jim. Thirteen of us were raised to be grown.

Mother and grandmother used to go out in the summer time and gather horehound, catnip, and horsenip, and whatever the mothers used in those days for teas for their children.

When we were sick or got the croup they used to give us butter and brown sugar. We didn't have white sugar in those days. It was all brown. They'd mix up the butter and sugar.

If they didn't have butter, Dad usually kept a lot of skunk oil. He'd kill a big fat skunk and render the grease out and give us a teaspoonful of skunk grease. That was the best remedy yet for croup.

Those were old pioneer days when the women did most of the doctoring, in fact all of it at times. There was never a healthier bunch of children ever lived than we were.

Old Robbie Lee, the old man that lived with us for a long time, that us boys thought so much of, he'd get a little full once in a while, in fact, quite full. We lived east of the place where he bought his liquor.

There was a man moved in just west of the place about a half a mile, and he was very jealous of his wife. He loaded his shotgun and was laying for the man that he thought he was jealous of. Old Robbie got mixed up in his directions and he went west instead of coming east, coming home. He rode up there and that fellow with that shotgun shot him and tore his elbow all to pieces.

They brought him down to our house. There was an old quack doctor there, and if I remember right, his name was Williams. Dad sent up and got him and he came to our house.

The doctor says, "Well, we've got to cut his arm off. Have you got anything we can make an operating table

out of?"

Dad says, "Yes, I've got two one-by-twelves out there seven feet long I bought to make a door for this north door in the house here. Maybe we can fix up an operating table out of those boards."

So they laid one end of the boards on the table, the kitchen table, the hand-made table we had, and on the back of two old chairs, old-fashioned willow, slat-bottomed chairs, and they made the operating table.

All right, they gave him a shot and poured ether on him, I reckon it was--I don't know. The doctor had an extra man with him to help.

After he got under the influence of this ether, or whatever it was, the doctor laid his instruments out on the end of those boards. Among them was an old crooked knife, resembling very much a pruning knife that a nurseryman uses, and it might have been, for all I know. He took his shirt off and reached right around that arm above where it was wounded, with that old crooked knife and cut it. He cut the flesh clear to the bone, the first round he made with it. Then he took a piece of silk and put in the cut, pushed the flesh up off the bone.

He said to Father, "Have you got a saw?"

Dad says, "I got a hand saw."

So Father went and got that hand saw. I've got the old saw out here in my tool chest now. So I stood there and watched him and he sawed that bone off with that old hand saw and the blood was running, oh boy!

When he got the bone sawed off, he took his instruments and took up the arteries and tied them and stopped the blood.

When he cut the bone off that arm he pitched it over on the ends of the boards there like it was leg off a beef. So, he fixed old Robbie up, and after awhile he came out from the influence of the stuff.

The doctor came down there for two or three trips and he showed Mother how to dress his arm. She took care of him and he got all right. We used to have a great time playing with him after that.

Finally he went back up to that saloon and got a little too much liquor on a cold winter night. He lay out there in a buffalo wallow and took pneumonia and died from it, so we lost our old chum.

At that time I was about seven years of age, and I stood just as close as they would permit me to stand. Mother sat on the side of the bed in the same room. Of course, we only had one big room. When the doctor began cutting that flesh with the knife she fell back on the bed and lay there 'til the operation was over.

In 1891 when I was there at that house before it was remodeled, the old door shutter that was made of those boards that were used as an operating table were still there. You could see the stain of old Robbie's blood on them yet.

That is the first surgical work I ever saw done on a man.

This Doctor Williams, he didn't stay very long in that country. He left shortly after that and went back to civilization.

There was another old doctor. His name was Bond, Charlie Bond, who came in there. He located down on the river just east of us, so when we needed a doctor we sent for old "Doc" Bond.

The Indians were pretty bad at that time and old "Doc" was sent for, but I don't remember, but I know it wasn't for our family, but somebody there. Old "Doc" got on a young horse that wasn't really thoroughly broke to ride. He started to see his patient.

Just east of there two Cheyenne Indians rushed out of the timber and charged the old "Doc," and began shooting at him. He tried to get the horse to run, but it wouldn't, so he jumped off and ran into the timber.

They heard the shots, of course, and Father, and uncle, and a number of men mounted their horses and went

right down there. They got within about a half a mile of that old doctor and they could hear him holler, "Injuns! Injuns! God Almighty, help! Injuns!" The Indians took his horse and saddle and went off with it and got away with it, too.

This old "Doc" Bond was the first doctor that ever waited on Mother in childbirth. When the ninth child was born we called on old "Doc." That was the first time a doctor had ever attended Mother. It was usually some old midwife or some old neighbor women, or somebody that was taking care of her.

This brother was named for old "Doc." His name was Charles, for this old doctor, and we always called him "Doc" until the day he passed on. That was pioneer days when everybody had to help everybody else.

When one of these children was born Father would have to take us children off to some of the neighbors, usually to grandfather's because they moved out shortly after we did. They would take care of us until after the child was born, and Dad would come and get us and we would go back home.

CHAPTER V

MEMORABLE EVENTS

I. MY COFFEE BEAN BUSH

In the early days when we lived there in the old log house that Dad built, he hooked up the team to the wagon and went up to the head of a little creek that we called Mulberry, to shoot some wild turkeys. Wild turkeys, when they're about as big as a white leghorn hen, are mighty fine eating. They were quite numerous and we knew there were a lot of them up there in the timber.

We took our little dog. We had a little black dog with a white stripe around his neck. We called him Ring. We took him along to run the turkeys up into the trees so they wouldn't hide from us. We ran into quite a bunch of young turkeys there and the dog scared some of them, and Dad shot several.

We were going around through the timber looking for more turkeys, and pretty soon old Ring ran in under a wild berry thorn bush that had green briers. He brought out an old mother skunk and shook it around and killed it.

After he got it killed Dad said, "Look here!"

There were three or four little ones about as big as a rat ran out from under there. Dad laid his gun on one

of them and held him down.

He said, "Get him by the tail and take him home. He'll make you a nice pet."

I picked him up by the tail and thought I was sure going to have a nice pet. I was walking along there with him, and pretty soon old Ring jerked him out of my hand and killed him.

When we went back to the old prairie schooner wagon, in the hounds was a coffee bean bush. Oh, I'd judge it was about three feet high. (The hounds of the wagon is the front part where it's fixed so as to make the turn--so the wheels'll turn.) Anyway, this little coffee bean bush was hanging in there, and Dad took it out and threw it down.

I said, "Put it in the wagon and I'll take it home and plant it."

So we took it home and I got my uncle to help me plant it. We planted it near the well.

Twelve years ago when I was back there that little old tree was still there. It was about ten or twelve feet high. It's a kind of wood that grows very slowly. It has a bean that's about an inch to an inch and a quarter wide, brown in color when they're ripe. The bean inside of them is about the size of a man's thumb nail and has the resemblance of a big tick.

We kids used to roast those beans and eat them, and they were very good eating. The little old tree still stands there, I suppose, by that well. It was planted about 1875 or '76, somewhere in there.

II. FUN WITH FATHER

Dad entertained us boys usually in the evenings or the day, not too much in the evening 'cause we usually went to bed about dark. We got up the first cock-crow of morning. We didn't have any watch or clock. The first time a cock crowed we had to get up and build a fire and get everything in readiness for Mother to get breakfast for the bunch of us.

We had a big fireplace in the end of the building, and in the daytime when there was a big snow on, during a blizzard, or early evening, Dad would tell us about the hardships and the battles of the Civil War. He was in the Union Army for four years, three years in the infantry and one year in the cavalry where he furnished his own horse.

He enjoyed telling us stories, the hardships and the battles and the runs, and all of his experiences during the war. He liked to tell about those things as long as he lived.

Sometimes when there was a storm Dad would have us

boys wrestling out in the middle of the floor. I was very fortunate. I was next to the oldest and was always the best man when it came to wrestling. I could throw down any of the boys, so Dad got a kick out of it.

My Father was really (could have been) a professional sidehold wrestler. Never saw a man who could throw him down, so when it stormed he got a lot of fun out of teaching us to wrestle.

A neighbor by the name of Adams thought he was some wrestler. He wrestled with my Father and Dad threw him down.

He told Father, "Everytime I meet you when I've got time, I'm going to wrestle you."

So I've been in the wagon with Dad, and they would meet in the road, or track rather, that was beat out. Adams would jump out of the wagon and say, "Get out of there, Bill. I'm going to throw you down."

Dad would get out and throw him down and he'd say, "Well, I'm going to try you 'til I throw you down."

Dad says, "Well, you'll never live long enough to throw me down," and sure enough he didn't. He got killed.

Dad could throw me down after I was thirty years old, as fast as I could get up. I never was man enough to throw him in a sidehold wrestle. He was very good at it.

III. SCHOOL DAYS

The first school that was established there that I was old enough to attend had slab seats. There was a fellow came in there with a little old sawmill and sawed some logs. He sawed the slabs off the sides (scaled them, you might call it) before they started cutting the lumber. Those slabs were what we had for seats.

They would take an auger and bore four holes, two at each end of the slabs, and if the slab was too long they'd put two in the center. They'd put on six legs, and those were the seats we had to sit on in the school room. They had no backs to them, just a bench, and pretty rough at that, just like they'd come from the sawmill, never were surfaced, or anything, and that's the first school I went to.

A man by the name of Dixon was the school teacher. I'll never forget him. As I sat on one of those benches one day a good, big boy who sat right beside me became a bit unruly. Mister Dixon got hold of a pretty rough-looking sprout, and he gave that boy a good "trimming up" that like to have scared me to death.

The desks--we had none. All we had was the old McGuffey reader, or the alphabet in a book. That was what we studied up to about the second grade. Then they had

the McGuffey third and fourth readers. Whenever you got up to the fifth why you were up in "q."

The school house was about a mile from where we lived. It was built of logs and built by the community men in that section. We only had three months of school at that time. That seemed like an awful long time.

It was right in the middle of the winter, and we children had to walk that full mile. When it came one of those snow blizzards, many and many a time I've walked over snowdrifts that were packed so hard by the wind that I'd walk right on top of them where they were three and a half or four feet deep. We'd occasionally break through and climb out and go again, wearing those old buffalo bullhide shoes open at the top so the snow would fall right into them. But we got by just the same.

IV. RELIGION OF THE FRONTIER

The folks brought along a Bible from Missouri for our spiritual education. It was a very large one with pictures through it showing the different scenes of the old Bible times.

We also brought a hymn book about three inches wide, six inches long, and an inch thick, with a few old square notes up at the top. We three older children, two boys and a girl, would get that old song book and sit

around the fireside in the winter time, or in the shade of the house in the summer, and sing. Sister was a very fine soprano singer. I sang tenor, and my older brother soon learned to sing bass.

After the school house was built and they used to have meeting there, grandfather and grandmother would drive in the wagon, as well as we, to church. When the preacher (after some came in there) got to having meetings, he'd line each verse and then the congregation would sing it. He'd repeat it and then the congregation would sing it after him.

We boys usually rode back from the church meetings with grandfather and grandmother in order to hear them sing. Grandfather sang the tune and grandmother harmonized with the alto part. She was a wonderful alto singer. They called it "trible" at that time.

After we got any size, I think if I remember, in about 1880 or 1881, something like that, there was an evangelist, a Methodist evangelist, came in there. They had a camp-meeting[3] down in the timber on the Medicine River.

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[3] Miller, op. cit., p. 64: Reverend John Clark, Methodist preacher, came to Medicine Lodge in March, 1877. He also established a church at Sun City. In 1875-78 there were camp meetings held in Doctor Bond's grove on the river east of Lake City on the river. While attending the meetings the settlers camped in wagons.

Dad took the entire family and went down. We'd drive down there in the evening and after service we'd come home. We usually took dinner and stayed there all day Sunday. The meetings lasted somewhere about four weeks.

Right from that day on, Dad held family worship the rest of his life. Up until that time though, he never did, never even thought about it. He became a very devout Christian, especially in the latter part of his life, the last half of his life you might say.

Grandfather was always, as far back as I can remember, a church-going man, a praying man, and a good speaker. I have heard him preach some good sermons. While he didn't practice preaching, I've heard him preach some of the finest sermons I ever heard in my life.

V. GRANDFATHER MEETS AN EMERGENCY

Grandfather was a fairly well educated man. He served two terms in the Kansas State Senate from Barber County. He was elected the first time by the Whig Party.

He and Grandmother would take a wagon and team and go to Topeka, put their team in the pasture and stay there until the session of the state legislature was over. Then they'd come home and stay 'til the next session.

He was the first representative from Barber County when the county was organized in 1873. I remember him

going very well.

It was about two hundred miles from where we lived to Topeka. When they left home they had to camp out at night. One night on the way back one of the horses got sick and died before morning. Well, there they were out there on the plains with only one horse and their outfit and wagon, with grandmother along.

Grandmother said, "How are we ever going to get home."

Grandfather said, "We'll get there."

The horse that was living was the balkiest varment ever I saw. Grandfather carried one end of the neck yoke. He tied the horse's end of the eveners, the double-trees, back so that he could pull against it. For about fifty miles he carried one end of the neck yoke as they traveled on home.

They got about a mile and a half from where we lived and had to cross a creek. As they started up the hill old Charlies balked, so they walked on down to our house that night and led the horse and left the wagon standing there.

Next morning Dad got his team and went up there and pulled the wagon on down to their house.

In '83, if I remember right, they left that country

and went to the State of Washington, and put in the most of their lives there. They came back to see us two or three times, in fact, stayed all winter one winter.

Grandmother died in Palouse, Washington, and is buried there. Grandfather went back to where his son lived in Missouri and died back there. He lived to be ninety-two years, eight months, and four days old. His only desire was to live to be a hundred, but he didn't make it. He lived to quite a ripe old age, longer than any of his family, although some of them lived to be way up in the eighties.

Those were old pioneer days when you had to drive across the flats. They weren't like the state legislatures now, go out and draw a big salary of fourteen dollars a day and living expenses. I don't just remember what salary grandfather drew, but it wasn't very much.

CHAPTER VI

A TRIP WITH FATHER

I. DANCES AND HORSES

In 1877 my Father took me along with him and we went to what was then Camp Supply. It's now in Oklahoma. That lay south of us in the Indian Territory. We went down there with a team and wagon, and camped there pretty close to where there was a big lot of Cheyenne Indians camped.

Along just before sundown the Indians began beating their tum tums, or drum, or whatever you might call them, and I said to Father, "What is that? It sounds like Mother scraping the dough out of a breadpan."

He told me then what it was, and he said, "They're going to have a dance. There's a medicine dance to be pulled off by the Indians there tonight. We'll go over there after awhile."

There were three or four of us there in camp. We could hear the old Indians yelling at the top of their voices and pounding those drums.

After we got our supper we went over there. The old bucks were sitting around on the ground, and the squaws were walking around. When they wanted a buck to dance with them they'd come over and kick him on the shins with their

moccasined feet, and he'd get up and dance.

The squaws asked some of the white men to dance. They got up there and tried to imitate the Indians in their war dance, but they couldn't do it. The Indians got a big kick out of that. We stayed there 'til nine or ten o'clock and went back to camp and went to bed.

The next morning after sunrise when we left there those old Indians were still yelling at the top of their voices and pounding their drums, and they were still dancing.

There at Camp Supply they had six hundred head of cavalry horses and cavalrymen. They kept the horses in the stables or barns and rubbed them like race horses, had 'em slick fat. They had one sergeant to every eight men to see that those horses were thoroughly groomed and cleaned up from the hoof to the end of their ears.

Of course, those horses would stand there in that barn and they'd have need for exercise pretty bad. While we were there they turned 'em out. They had a scope six miles square fenced in there where that fort was, and they brought those six hundred head out, and by order from the captain of the bunch, those horses were all to be turned out to get exercise in this enclosure of six miles square. They put two soldiers on horses to follow 'em. Wouldn't

let 'em ride with seddles, made 'em ride bareback.

Well, when the command was given to turn those horses loose, of all the stampedes that I've ever heard in all of my life, and I've heard various kinds of cattle and horses stampede, but I never heard anything like that. They all started at once to running and playing. They went west about three miles to the west fence as hard as they could run, and they circled south, went south to the south fence. Then they started coming back not too far from the buildings. The soldiers were a mile behind 'em that were riding after 'em.

The captain ordered the bugler to get his bugle and blow the feed call. He blew the feed call and those old horses just circled and came right back up to the barn. The sweat was just running off 'em in big drops, but maybe you think I didn't as a boy enjoy that. If I didn't enjoy that stampede nobody could possibly do it, 'cause it beat anything that I'd ever seen or heard of. It beat anything that I've ever seen or heard since that time, and I've seen various kinds of stampedes.

II. HOME FROM MOBEETIE

So we went from there on down to Mobeetie, Texas, to another fort and delivered some stuff and came back. On the way back we'd come into the Indian Territory north

of "Supply" where it was quite wild and we camped. The men (there were four) went out to hunt to see if they couldn't kill some deer. There was a sixteen-year-old boy, I can't call his name just now, it's been so long ago, why he had an old muzzle-loading shot gun. After the men went out on a hunt he said to me, "Let's us go hunting."

"All right," I said.

He got his old shot gun and we went out and were around in the canyon there 'til we got in where there was lots of shin oak bushes. They bear acorns when they aren't over a foot high, and on up to as high as a man's head, or more.

We were around in those oak brush and we found where there had been an old bear and two cubs, by the sign. While the mother bear had been eating those acorns, the cubs had climbed up and down those trees so much that they had almost worn them slick. They had trails all around through those oak brush.

We hunted and hunted, and the boy said, "If I can just find 'em why I'll shoot that old one and we'll catch the cub," but we didn't, and I guess it's a good thing we didn't. It's possible if we had found them that old bear would have made us hard to catch, maybe would have caught us anyway. I don't know about that.

We went on back north and camped at the mouth of another canyon and as we were going up on the divide between canyons Bill Vance, one of the men that was along, said to my Father, he says, "You let the boy drive my team and I'll go off up the canyon and see if I can't kill some fresh meat." (By the way, while we were going up that back-bone there between those canyons, there were four big, old black bears ran out of the canyon. They ran across the road up in front of us. I thought that was quite a scene. As many animals as I had seen, though, I never saw that many bear run out of one canyon before.)

I was only eight years old at that time, and I felt pretty important driving a team. Part of the time I drove four horses for my Father. He'd get down to walk for exercise and walk along and talk with some of the other men. I thought I was quite a teamster.

When I was driving this man Vance's team, we were going to go down into a canyon to get some cedar. We were going to load with cedar logs going back home. They made fence poles and rails out of long, slim red cedar. I remember very well we went down to the canyon, and when we went down into it the bank was so steep that the men all held to the back end of the wagon as I drove the team down, to keep the wagon from tipping over in front on the horses.

We got down in the bottom of the canyon and went on down and camped there a while. The men hunted and then they went to cutting cedar and loaded all the wagons with cedar and lit back into the edge of the State of Kansas again.

III. CAN'T SEE THE CANNON

As we came back from Mobeetie and passed Camp Supply this young man that I speak of saw a soldier out in the dress parade ground there walking a beat. Out right close to where he was walking there was a big canvas thrown over something and he said to my Father, "What is that under that canvas, d'you suppose?"

Dad says, "That's a cannon. They fire the salute here every morning."

"Well," he says, "I'm gonna' see that cannon."

He just jumped off the wagon and started in a run out there. He never had seen one, you know, and he was very anxious to see what it looked like.

My Father says, "Now you watch him. He'll not get to see that cannon."

He was going right out there and pull that canvas off and inspect it thoroughly, but he got about so close and that soldier said, "Halt!"

He stopped, and the soldier said, "What do you want?"

The boy says, "I want to see that cannon."

"Well," he says, "you can't see it."

"Well, I've got to see it."

"You can't see it. You go on back where you belong."

He came on back to the wagon, and he felt kind of sheepish about it. He looked like a dog that had been whipped. Dad used to get an awful kick out of teasing him about going to see the cannon.

CHAPTER VII

WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

I. THE MAKINGS OF A COWBOY

We had to do lots of horseback riding and I can't remember when I learned to ride a horse. I remember very distinctly when I was five years old my Father picked me up and put me on a horse. He had a saddle on him, of course, and he got on another horse, and said, "Come on, boy."

We went and we rode all day. I'm telling you there was a tired boy when we got back to the house. I remember going into the house and lying down on the carpet and I never remembered when Mother picked me up and laid me on the bed. From that day I was considered a hand on a horse.

The old saying used to be that when a boy was big enough to sleep alone and not have to be kept covered by his mother in cold weather, he was big enough to go out on a horse and do cow work. From that day on I did lots of riding.

When there was any farm work to do, my older brother usually did more of it than I did, because when there was any riding after the horses and cattle (we had lots of them after the buffalo were gone) Dad would always send me out. There would be a bunch of horses in one place and a bunch in another place and I had to go round ever so often and see that

those horses were all on their range. Also I had to check on the cattle, so I had quite a job. I thought it was a great thing that Father picked me to do that kind of work and made my older brother do the right down hard farm labor. I thought it was all right then, but I can see the difference now. He should have sent the older boy out once in awhile rather than send me all the time.

As I grew I kept on riding. I don't want to boast, but I got so I could ride most anyone's horse or my own. Roping was the same way. We soon learned to rope. I can't remember the day when I couldn't rope a calf. I've roped in one or two contests in my life, but never liked it because I never cared much for publicity.

II. DAD GIVES ME A HORSE

When we lived there near Sun City, Kansas, and I was just ten years old there was a horseman came in there by the name of Burr. He drove a bunch of horses from Arizona through to that country and was going to sell 'em out. My Father traded him a fine animal which was very speedy on the track, and paid the difference in cash, and bought twenty head of yearlings and two-year-old colts.

We had no water system at that time. We drew what water we used out of a dug well. All the stock had to go

down to the creek to drink. We kept those colts in that corral (a big pole corral we had) for two days without any water except what we carried in a pail. We had plenty of feed and we fed them, but they began to get pretty thirsty.

Well, the main band of horses that we bought them out of had been held there north of where we lived about five miles.

Dad says, "Now we've got to turn those colts out and water them."

We'd carried water in a bucket to kinda keep them from famishing, and that was a pretty slow job to water twenty head and carry it from that well in a pail--an old cedar stave pail.

Dad put me on a race mare we had and gave me a big, long quirt.

He says, "Now Jim and I, we'll get on horses, but you stay to the lead of those colts or kill that mare."

When they opened the gates (Mother did it) and let them all out, we were all mounted. I'm a-tellin you! Just as soon as that gate flew open they came out of that corral with their tails over their backs and they were a-rambling and me after them. I rode right at the lead of them and I didn't need that quirt. I was just strong enough to pull hard enough on the bit to make that mare run fast. Boy!

I just stood right up in the stirrups and held her down as best I could.

I ran them about three miles and they hit right back to the range where they had wintered with the older stock. After about three miles I stopped all of them but three head.

Dad came on up, he and my brother, and he said, "Have you got 'em all?"

I said, "No, there's three head going over the hill."

"Well," he says, "go after 'em."

So I went after 'em, and I headed them all over that country, up and down the gypsum hills, and finally I turned two of 'em back to the bunch.

Dad says, "Where's the other one?"

I said, "It's standing in the shade under a big cedar tree way over there on that hill."

He says, "Go and get it."

I went back over there and I had that thing up and down those hills and in the canyons, out on the flats and everywhere else. It was sure running. I'll never forget that animal. It was sorrel in color and it could run awfully fast, but I ran it down and brought it back.

When I brought it back Dad says, "Well, I'm going to give you that one now. That's a good one and it runs awfully fast. That's the fastest one of the whole bunch.

You'll have to break it to ride."

I said, "All right."

We took them back then, and drove them down to the creek to get some water, kinda got 'em cooled down and put back in the corral and fed. From then on we could turn 'em out and drive 'em down to the creek every day to drink. They got located there around the place and we turned 'em down in a little pasture we had, and got along nicely with them.

Well, the time came for me to ride this filly, and boy! I was proud of her until after I got on her. After I got up on her, did she buck! I could ride, too, like a drunk Indian. Wow! she bucked me off.

Dad came up to me and says, "Young man, you get on that horse and you get up there to stay. You let that happen again and I'll set up a boot shop to you! You get up there and ride it."

So I got on, and I liked to pulled all the strings off, but I stayed. I never did get that thing broke so it was gentle. It would have been an awful fast horse on a track, but I never could keep it from bucking. It would buck every time it was ridden.

Finally Dad said, "Well, I'll give you another one and sell that one."

I said, "Go to it."

III. A LONELY TRIP TO COLORADO

I went from Barber County, Kansas, to southeast Colorado, horseback across the country in 1883, when I was fourteen years old. It was about two hundred and fifty miles right across the prairie. There were no roads or trails. I went by direction.

When night came on me on the plains, I would take my knife, dig a hole in the ground, push the knot of my rope in there and tramp it in with my heel, to stake my horse. I had my saddle for a pillow, slept on my saddle blankets and covered with my slicker, or raincoat. It was in the summer time.

When night came on in a great many instances, the coyotes, the lobo, or timber wolves were quite numerous. They would howl and make lots of noise around close at nights. I was never afraid of them because I knew they wouldn't harm me.

By locating the north star I knew what direction I wanted to go. When daylight came I would rise, get a little bite to eat, cold food, and go.

I carried a little food in a sack tied on behind my saddle including some canned blackberries. I had a Winchester rifle on my saddle and would kill rabbit or antelope and burn buffalo chips until they got to be nothing but

coals, and lay the meat on the coals and roast it.

One afternoon I was riding and not a wagon track or anything in the country. I was riding across the flat and I saw a dark spot in the sky. It looked like it was in the sky, anyway, and I was riding right towards it. I kept riding, and kept riding, and kept going, and kept going.

Just about sundown, or close to it, I got close and could see it was a dugout which stood about three or four feet above the ground, built up above the ground with sod. I thought, "Well, right here I've found myself some company." I went there and the door was shut, but it wasn't locked. No locks on any doors in that country those days.

I opened the door and walked in. There was plenty of grub so I thought, "Here's where I stay all night."

I got my supper and there was a camp bed rolled up, and a homemade bedstead with bedding on it. I thought, "Well, somebody undoubtedly will come in here after while, and I'll just roll out this camp bed, for possibly they'll sleep on the bedstead."

So I just rolled out this camp bed right in the middle of the floor and I was tired from riding all day. It was no time 'til I was asleep.

I never did know when the man come in that night 'til he fell down over me. Didn't have any lights, you

know. There was an old coal oil lamp and a candle. Before he lit the light he blundered over me where I lay on the floor.

He said, "Hello here. How are you faring?"

I said, "Fine, thank you."

He lit the light and wanted to know if I'd had anything to eat.

I said, "Yes, I got my supper."

Well, he'd been up to the railroad up on the Arkansas River there, to get some groceries up about Garden City. He went to bed directly after he got something to eat.

Next morning I had breakfast with him and he wanted to know where I was going, and I said, "I'm going west to grow up with the country."

Later, I was riding across the flats and I saw a light way east of me. I'd ridden about sixty-five miles that day. That light looked about like a common lantern light, and I was riding right towards it. I kept going, and before I got there it went out, so I kept going and finally I came down to where there was an arroyo and a little creek. There was a wagon standing there with the bows and sheet on, and a team of horses staked off out on the flat.

I said, "Hello," and a man sleeping there in the wagon answered me. I said, "What'ed be the chances of

staying all night with you?"

"No," he said, "I couldn't let you stay all night with me."

That was in the days when they was killing men for their outfits. They'd catch a man alone and somebody would kill him and take his outfit and what little money he had and go, you know.

So I insisted. I told him I'd ridden about sixty-five miles today and I was tired and so was my horse.

I talked to him several minutes, and finally he raised up the wagon sheet and says, "Kindle up that fire." He'd gathered up some little old plum brush along the creek there and made a fire. That was the light I'd seen that had gone out.

So he says, "Kindle up the fire and let me look at you." So I kindled up the fire.

The summer before that, I had been to a fourth of July picnic. They were going to have a baseball game there. Quite a few people had come into the country. So they had nobody to umpire the game, and I was asked to do it.

When the fire gave enough light, he looked out and said, "Didn't you umpire a baseball game at a certain place last summer on the fourth of July?"

I said, "Yep."

He said, "Well, you can stay all night." He knew me because he was there at that picnic, so I stayed all night with him.

I rode there round where Vilas and Springfield, Colorado, are now. There were people lived out there that I used to know when I was a little boy, and I went to their places.

One day I was there in an old friend's house, and he had gone away. He had been writing to me and that's one reason I went out there. He had to be gone on some business and would be gone a week. I went to his place without any trouble and looked in and saw his saddle and I knew it was his.

I just opened the door and went in and stayed. He didn't have anything to eat only a little bread that I cooked in a frying pan, and old sow-belly salt bacon. That was all I had to eat. He didn't even have any coffee.

The next day after I got there one afternoon (there was a house I saw over there right west) so here came an old nigger woman and she says, "Is you the young fella that Jim was lookin' for?"

I said, "I guess so."

"Well," she says, "he come over by and he told my master over there that if he seen you over there to go and

tell you when he'd be back. My master says for you to come on over to our house. We're goin' to have a good dinner over there directly. Come and have a good dinner with us."

I said, "All right," so he hit back, and I went over there.

I just left my horse there in a little pasture of about forty acres. I had dinner with them. They were awfully nice people.

I stayed and waited and waited, but my old chum that I had run with, he never did come home while I was there, so I got tired running around there and nothing to do. Work was all pretty well caught up 'cause it was gettin' pretty well into the fall, so I went back home where Father and Mother lived near Sun City.

That was about as lonesome a trip as I ever made in my life, I reckon. I almost always had had somebody with me, or most always.

IV. LEARNING TO SHOOT

I can't remember far enough back to remember when I learned to shoot a rifle or a shotgun either. I remember one time when my Father was an Indian Scout that he came in home and said, "I'm going to let you boys shoot my rifle."

He put up a target, I don't remember how far, but

quite a little distance and said, "Now see which one of you can hit that." There weren't any of us hit it. It was a big old gun, a fifty caliber and it would kick like a mule, you know. It'd kick you down and kick you after you got down.

As I grew older I soon learned to handle a gun. I killed deer when I was only twelve years of age, and shot many wild turkeys that always flew up in the trees to roost. I used to go out and shoot wild turkeys, and two or three gobblers was about all I could carry. I used a little old muzzle-loading shotgun to shoot them. I had fine shot, but I'd sky-light them until I could see their head and neck and shoot them there.

I remember one night I was out all alone. There was an awful bunch of turkeys on a tree and I killed three old gobblers. I split a hole in their necks and ran my gun barrel through and had them on my back carrying them.

The grass was quite tall there on the river bottom. I saw the grass wiggling and some kind of an animal coming right toward me. There were lots of panthers in that country and a few mountain lions. The first thought struck me was that one of them wanted those turkeys. I just let the turkeys slip off the end of the barrel and was going to shoot whatever it was. I guess my hair was standing on

end possibly. That's the only time I remember getting scared in the night.

There was an old shepherd dog in camp. I guess he saw I was going to shoot him. He ran and jumped right upon me. I tell you it made a cold chill run up my back. But he stayed right along with me then until I got to camp.

Later on I bought an old model Winchester, a forty-four, one of the first that was made with a center fire. I used to practice shooting with that thing. I got so I could kill prairie chickens and ducks flying, rabbits running, and I'd start to shooting at a fence post off ten, fifteen, or twenty yards. I'd start at one side and just cut a little at a time until I'd just cut it off right down to the ground. I practiced a great deal, shooting over a thousand rounds of cartridges through that gun one winter. I got so apt at it that an animal could hardly get up in front of me and get away that I wouldn't either kill him or cripple him.

I got the ammunition to do all this shooting when Dad would go to the railroad. We got fifty cartridges in a box at that time. (Wichita, Kansas, was our nearest trading point at that time.) If I remember right they cost a dollar a box, so it wasn't such expensive shooting then as it is now days.

For our shotgun we bought shot by the pound, any size we wanted. We bought powder by the can, or any small amount we needed. When Dad would go to the railroad he'd always bring me a supply of munition to do my hunting and shooting.

After we got breech-loading shotguns we'd buy a hundred empty shells with the caps on them for a dollar a box. We bought powder and shot and had a loading outfit and loaded our own shells to shoot whatever we wanted to.

Prairie chickens and bobwhite quail were numerous. I usually kept a bird dog. I've shot as high as seven dozen quail over a bird dog in one day. That's the biggest kill I ever made, an I'm telling you that was a hard day's work.

About the earliest hunting trip I remember after western Kansas where we lived began to settle up, we went off down into the Territory. The game was apparently driven away because of the increased population.

We'd kill a good load for a team of deer and turkeys. Quite often we'd get an antelope when we crossed the flats, maybe a number of them. Occasionally we'd get a black bear.

I remember when we came home from one of those trips we had a black bear cub for Christmas dinner. Dad dressed it and fixed it all up and Mother put it in the oven and roasted it.

We always had plenty of meat. If it hadn't been for that I don't know whether we'd have made it or not. We might have run a little short on height.

I still have the old powder horn here I used to carry around my neck with the old muzzle-loaders. I've been out hunting many a time when I had to load that old muzzle-loading gun and it seemed like my fingers would freeze off before I could get it loaded, but I always made it.

V. SCARED

Dad used to take me out with him when I was very small. He'd go out nights to shoot wild turkeys off the trees and leave me in camp all alone. He'd build up a big fire and make the bed down on the ground and he'd tell me, "Now you can go to bed whenever you get ready."

There was only one time that I failed to go to bed and be asleep when he came in. That night I heard a rustling in some dry leaves over across a little canyon and I didn't know what it was so I climbed up into the wagon, and stayed there until I heard Father coming down the side of the hill and then I climbed out.

He said, "What did you get up in the wagon for?"

I said, "I heard something over there in the leaves and I didn't know what it was."

He said, "It's possible it was a skunk or something like that."

Then we went out and I was following him around one day and he saw three bobcats. He shot two of them and the other one ran off up the canyon through the cedar timber.

He said, "You stay here with these, and I'll go up there and maybe I'll get a chance to kill that other one."

I stayed there with those two cats he'd already killed, and he went off up there. Pretty soon here came an old skunk down the canyon with his tail all bushed up. When he saw me he ran out towards me and I took up the hillside awhoopin' every jump too, I'm telling you.

Pretty soon Dad came back and he said, "What's the matter? What are you crying about?"

I said, "There was a skunk ran after me." He stood and laughed at me and looked around. Pretty soon he looked behind a big cedar tree not over fifty or sixty feet and there was that old bobcat looking around a tree at us. He'd come back down there hunting for his pals. Dad just shot him in the side of the head. That settled the three of them.

VI. PETS

When we lived in Kansas where it was quite wild we usually had some wild pets of some kind. A man by the name

of Vance caught an antelope and brought it to us. Mother raised it and it got to be pretty good size. We just thought everything of it. We'd run and play with it.

Finally it got to running and playing out in a prairie dog town there and stepped in a hole and sprained one shoulder. It always came up an lay right at the back of the hackel house. One night it failed to come up. The next morning we went out to the prairie dog town and found it where the coyotes had eaten all the meat off its carcass.

Later on Father brought in a young elk calf. He'd killed the mother and captured the calf and brought it in to us. A young elk makes a very peculiar noise, a kind of a whistle when he gets hungry.

We built a pen out of cedar rails, and even put a top on it. Mother and we children had been taking care of him. He was growing rapidly and we thought a lot of him.

Buffalo hunters would come through quite often, bunches of them. There had been a bunch that had looked at our elk a while before that. One morning we failed to hear him whistle.

Mother said, "I wonder what's the matter. The elk is not whistling this morning."

We went out there and some of the rails were thrown off the top of the pen and our pet elk was gone. About as

near as we ever came hearing of him was in Wichita, Kansas, there were some fellows came through there and said they had captured a young elk calf and were taking it on east. We were satisfied it was our calf.

We'd catch young prairie dogs and squirrels and so on. I remember very distinctly following my Father around in the field when he was plowing with the two old yoke of cattle on a breaking plow. There were these long, slim, striped ground squirrels there. When he plowed over a squirrel hole and covered it up the squirrel came out and couldn't find a place to go down into the ground again. Father caught him and gave him to me, and told me to hold him by the back of the neck and take him on to the house.

He said, "Don't you turn him loose either."

When I got to the house that squirrel had bitten every finger I had, on both hands, and I was bleeding pretty bad. Mother like to have given me a "trimming up" for not turning him loose.

I said, "Father told me to stay with him, to hold him, and I did."

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAW ON THEIR HIP

I. KILLINGS AT SUN CITY

While we lived in Kansas, it was a very common thing to find a dead man once in a while, sometimes killed by the Indians and sometimes by white men. As the people were few out there, of course, it was a great place for the outlaws to drift west.

They started a little saloon in this little town of Sun City. Mother sent me uptown after something, I don't remember what it was. I had to pass right in front of this saloon. A man by the name of Green, (M. Green), was running the saloon, and it was a pretty tough place. I just got right in front of that saloon. Of course, there were no sidewalks. Out jumped a man right in front of me, running with a six shooter in his hand. I was just a small boy at that time and I stopped and stood there and watched.

When this man jumped out of the door with a gun in his hand there was another man right behind him. His name was Ryder. This first man that jumped out of the door, his name was Adams. They lived just a half mile from our house. He was the one that liked to wrestle Dad.

Adams started running off across through a kind of a footpath down through the flat there. Ryder overtaken Adams and wrenched the gun out of his hand, and told him to stop or he'd kill 'im. Adams kept running and he let him have it. After Adams was shot he stopped.

Ryder turned around and this man, M. Green, that ran the saloon, he was going down west, kind of down the little street, running full speed. Ryder shot at him, and the first shot he just shot him above the boot top in the leg. The next shot he plugged him right through the left side.

Adams and Ryder came walking back. I stood there 'til they got back. They were talking and Ryder was cursing Adams and telling him that he robbed him.

Green came back and fell in a hotel door there. There was a little place started. A man by the name of Whittaker started a kind of little hotel and eating house there. He fell in the doorway and Mrs. Whittaker bandaged him up and kept him from bleeding to death.

I walked along with Ryder and Adams down to where there was a little grocery store. They were arguing all the time. Ryder still had his gun and pretty soon there was a deputy sheriff came up. He demanded Ryder's gun, and Ryder said, "I won't give up my gun until I get my money. These fellows robbed me."

So the deputy sheriff turned and walked back with Ryder then, to where Adams stopped when he shot him. There was the roll of money poked in a kind of wallet lying on the ground. When he shot Adams, Adams threw it down.

In the saloon where the fracas first started, M. Green and Ryder were playing a game of billiards. Ryder had his sixshooter on and Adams says, "Ryder, let me hold your gun, and you can play better."

Ryder took his vest off and hung it upon the wall, and this wallet with the money in it was in his inside vest pocket. While he was holding Ryder's gun while Ryder and Green played the game of billiards, why of course, Adams stole the wallet out of the vest.

That next morning Adams died, but Green got well. So that settled that part of their hash.

One time right in front of this same grocery store where Adams and Ryder went to, and I walked along with them, a man and I drove in there to get some feed and groceries in a wagon--a team of horses on the wagon. We tied our team to a hitch rack right in front of this grocery store.

I walked across to where the post office was in another little building and was standing there under an old board awning. Pretty soon I heard a shot fired and I looked around and there was a man upon a porch in front of

this grocery store and another man in behind our wagon shooting at him. He killed one of our horses and I had to get on the other horse and ride about two and a half miles back over to the ranch bareback, by gracious, to get another horse to take the wagon home.

The man that killed our horse, his name was Proctor. The other man that he was shooting at, he shot five shots at him and never did hit him. One of those shots that Proctor fired hit right in that old board awning right over my head.

The other feller's name was Robinson, and his gun locked on him or he'd have killed Proctor, possibly. He never got to fire a shot, so that wound up that scrape.

This team we drove into town there that one of the horses was killed, one of the horses belonged to my Father, and the other belonged to a man by the name of Monroe. Monroe's horse was the one that was killed and he demanded a hundred dollars from Mister Proctor in a few days. Mister Proctor came down to try to settle it up. That was a big price for a horse in those days, but Proctor paid him a round hundred dollars for the horse, and that wound that tale up.

I'd like to tell about some of the other killings and things that happened there in the early days around Sun

City.

There was a man advertised from Missouri, advertised for his son all over the United States. His name was Cloud, and the last he had heard from his son was just east of this town of Sun City.

The son had a fine team of horses and wagon and four or five hundred dollars in cash--going west as Horace Greeley said to the young man, "Go west and seek yourself a home." So that's what he was doing. He stayed all night at a place just east of where we lived. There was also a man came in there riding horseback and stayed all night the same night. That's as far as this man Cloud could ever hear of his son.

The following summer a man by the name of Powell had cattle there in that country. He was riding across a canyon southwest of this little town of Sun City, and he saw a man's skull down in the canyon. He rode down there and looked. He rode back up the canyon a little ways and found the balance of the man's remains lying there in a hole.

He came right over to this town to report it. I was up there horseback, and went over there with 'em. Quite a bunch of us went. They took an old-fashioned wooden cracker box along in a wagon, and they gathered up this man's bones

and put them in that cracker box. You could see the shovel marks where the man that had killed him had shoveled dirt and covered him up in that hole. The rain that summer had washed it out.

They brought the bones over there to this same little old hotel where the man that was shot laid in the door and the woman stopped the blood and kept him from dying. They set that box there in front of that hotel, and sent the old stage driver a message to wire back to this man, Powell, in Missouri that they had found a man's remains there and that it might be his boy.

I happened to be there when the father came out. He picked up the head and the under jaw and fit his teeth together and he says, "That's my boy. I'll catch that man that killed him."

He went back to where his boy had stayed all night, where this man had come in and stayed too and they both left together the next morning. He got a description of that man and the horse he was riding.

He nailed a lid on that cracker box, tied a rope around it, and took it right along with him. He followed that fellow who had killed his boy. The boy had been shot in the back of the head. He followed that man that got his boy's team and outfit clear around through New Mexico, on

down in and back through Texas, and caught him back in Missouri.

The killer's name was Culpepper. The last I heard of the case Culpepper had broken jail and this man Cloud was after him again. I never learned whether he ever caught him or not.

In regard to the killings of men when they drifted west, there was another one in that same country. There was a man come through there with a wagon and team. He camped down on a little creek there and went up to Sun City.

He stayed uptown awhile and when he went back, I guess he was kind of superstitious, but anyway he was a murderer. He went back to the wagon. He thought somebody had been molesting things around his camp there, and he just took the team of horses and got on his horse and left. He had a saddle horse when he fell in with this man who owned the team and wagon. He left the wagon there.

Somebody went down to the wagon from town and looked in there and they saw a man's body in the wagon, so they got a bunch of men and they lit out after him. There were no roads, of course. They were going across the country, and they caught him and brought him back.

He had cut this man in two to put him in the wagon. He said, "I've hauled that man about a hundred miles now,

watching for a place to get to throw him out. I've driven all over the country. Every time I've ever picked a place to throw him out somebody'd show up."

A feller said, "Why did you cut him in two?"

"Why," he said, "he was so big I couldn't put him in the wagon."

They took him back right where he started from, and I never did learn what they ever did with him.

II. SOD TOWN SHOOTING

A fellow by the name of Ellis, Smith Ellis, in the east end of the neutral strip in No Man's Land, built him up a house there out of sod. The town was called Sod Town, when it was started.

Ellis ran the store and two of the Chitwoods and another fellow made it up to rob old Smith Ellis. Smith was a very game man, and a good shot too. So they fixed it all up.

They were to go there and one of the Chitwoods was to hold their saddle horses out in front of the store and the other was to stand in the store door as guard. The third man, was to go in and rob Ellis.

It was just about sundown in the evening. So all right, they had everything fixed, and this fellow who was

to hold Ellis up, he walked in and called for a plug of Climax tobacco. The tobacco was on the back shelf. Of course, they knew the situation because they'd been in there many times before. Smith turned around to get a pound of Climax tobacco. Ellis always kept a six-shooter lying right under the counter. When he turned back to the counter with this tobacco this robber stuck a gun right up in his face.

Instead of Ellis giving up, putting up his hands, he just dodged to one side, and the robber shot at him and missed. When Ellis came up he came up with the old forty-five, and the fella saw he was going to get killed. He ran and when he saw Ellis was going to get him, he just fell and rolled out the door. Ellis shot at him and missed him. Ellis ran back then to the corner and got his Winchester rifle that was sitting there. Ellis pulled down at him and hit him right in the hip joint, there, and down he went. He ran to the corner of the house where he could see down the road. These Chitwoods were going down that road, the horses going at full speed. He just hunkered down there and shot at them as far as he could reach them, but never hit either one of them.

He went back into the store building and he heard this fellow cursing his partners for going off and

leaving him. He was lying on the ground out there by the corner of a sod house.

Ellis said he first thought he'd go out there and see if he could help him some. Then he thought, "He's got a gun, and if I go out there I might have to shoot him again. I've shot him once, and I don't want to have to shoot him any more." So he just went back into the store and barricaded himself there with plenty of munition for his gun, in case they came back.

The country was full of those kind of men at that time, but they didn't bother him any more. The next morning he got up and went out there and that fella was lying there cold. He'd "kicked out" during the night. The ball had hit his hip bone and ranged up, and it killed him during the night.

So that stopped that robbing in that country. Old Smith told me in 1907 (the last time I saw him) that if a man had told him that he'd have shot at a man, as close as that fella was when he was rolling out of the door, and missed him, he said I'd told him he was crazy. "But," he says, "shooting at a man is not like shooting at a target."

III. BANK ROBBERS AT MEDICINE LODGE

That town of Medicine Lodge, that I have spoken of before, after it got to be quite a town, the stock men organized a stockmen's bank there. The president of the bank was Payne and the cashier's name was Geppert.

There was four men made it up to rob that bank and so they came in there.[4] They had the date all set and everything to rob the bank, and the time, and so on. They had a man at the Territory line with fresh horses for them so when they'd rob the bank and get there he'd have a change of horses, and they'd keep going to evade the officers.

When they went in to rob this bank, Mr. Geppert put his hands up right away. He was the teller of the bank.

The one that was to cover the president, Mr. Payne, when he called on him to put his hands up, Mr. Payne didn't put his hands up. He reached down under his desk to get a six-shooter, and the fellow shot him.

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4 Miller, op. cit., "Medicine Lodge was thrown into a state of excitement one April morning in 1884 by the attempted robbery and murder of two bankers, which for daring and brutality would put to shame the experiences of the most dangerous criminals." Citing Index, Vol. 4, No. 48, May 2, 1884, p. 5; ". . . There was great excitement when it was discovered that the robbers were known. The leader was Henry Newton Brown, Marshall of Caldwell, et al. Four were hung to an elm tree."

When the robber shot Payne the one that had Geppert covered (Geppert standing there with his hands up) why he shot Geppert. The other two men (one of them was holding the horses out on the street, the other one was standing in the door to keep everybody out) why when the shooting came off inside and both these men were killed, the other one jumped out of the door and they ran.

Somebody opened fire on the fellow who was holding the horses and shot one of the saddles all full of shot from a shotgun, as he jumped behind the horse. So they mounted the horses and started.

That was the cow country and there were always lots of saddle horses on the street. Old Tom Doran, the same man that I spoke of that swam into the river, why he got on his horse and he had a belt full of cartridges round him, and his six-shooter. He took after the robbers and ran them, shooting at them and they were shooting at him. That gave the signal to the town, so other men would follow them.

It was raining right down, a good, steady rain. The lead man of the robbers, his name was Brown. He was town marshall of the town of Caldwell, Kansas, which was southeast of there. Well, his horse went lame, and they decided to all stay together. They dismounted in a kind of dugout that had no roof on it, but it had been dug out to burn

gypsum with which to make plaster. The robbers all dismounted and there was a string of men going from that town out there all the way along. They had them surrounded in just a few minutes.

Finally, this man Brown tied his handkerchief on the end of his gun barrel and held it up and they asked him what he wanted and he said, "We'll surrender if you'll give us a fair trial."

They told him. "All right, come out."

They laid their guns down and walked out. They took them over to Medicine Lodge. They'd built a little one-horse jail there, and put them in jail, put handcuffs on all of them, and leg irons, or shackles, on their ankles, and locked the jail.

Well, that night there was a mob made up. One old Baptist preacher that lived just a half mile from us, he was there and in the bunch. The mob went down to the jail and the sheriff wouldn't open the jail. They banged the door down, and when they did that, this man Brown jumped out of the door to run. They'd all got the irons off their ankles except one man, and also had them off their hands. Brown, that was marshall, had keys that would fit all the leg irons and handcuffs. They got them all off except one man who had a shackle tied up to his leg with a

handkerchief, and was going to run if the mob came.

When they jammed the door down Brown started to run. Some old fellow set his shirt afire with a shotgun, just a glancing shot, and boy! they filled him full of holes before he ran but a few jumps--killed him dead, and wounded another one by the name of Wheeler. Wheeler turned and walked back and gave up, and the other two, put up their hands and made no effort to get away.

They led the three of them down there to an elm tree that wasn't over twelve inches at the bottom, kind of run on a stoop, bent over. Right there on that little elm tree they "looked up a rope" all three of them. Wheeler, who was wounded, begged for his life after they had hung the other two. He says, "I'm wounded," and tried to get them to spare his life.

"Well," they says, "you didn't have any mercy on Payne and Geppert, so you'll go the same route."

So they hung all of them right there that night. They notified Mrs. Brown over at Caldwell that her husband was killed there and she wouldn't believe it. She came over there (there was not much transportation in that day only by horseback or wagon). She went and had him dug up, and she looked at him and says, "That's him. Put him right back and cover him up."

Last time I was there that little old elm tree had the bark peeled off up from the ground as high as any man could stand on the seat of a wagon and reach, and all the limbs cut off. People were getting souvenirs.

From that day to this there never has been an attempt made to rob a bank at Medicine Lodge, and there are two or three banks there now. That kinda "put a quidar" on it.

I was well acquainted with the man that was keeping the horses there at the Territory line for that change for them if they got that far. He stayed there all that day, and all that night. He knew then that something had happened, so he took the horses and went on back to a cow camp that was in "the Territory" there.

This old man Adams, that was the Baptist preacher that was there in that mob that night, came up to tell Father all about it. Course I was there listening, and while it wasn't uncommon to find a dead man, it was kinda uncommon to hang that many at one time. It put a thought into my mind that it was bad business for men to try to follow and not get away with. They never got a dollar, and so that ended that career.

IV. "DODGE"

Along in the latter '70's, if I remember right, about '78 the buffalo were gone and they brought in lots of cattle into the Indian Territory and along the Territory line in Kansas. At that time the Texas cattle were driven across that part of the country to Abilene, Kansas, which was the market for eastern buyers.

The buyers brought the actual cash when they came to buy, usually gold, in the saddle bags. They would throw it down on the prairie somewhere while they got the cattle counted and tallied, and then pay for them.

Finally the settlers came in around Abilene so that they couldn't get range for the cattle when they brought them for market, and they moved to Hayes City, Kansas.

Finally they settled up around Hayes City, and the railroads built on west and they moved the market to Dodge City, Kansas. It got to be a very tough place. It was a trail-crossing on the Arkansas River for herds going north to Montana and Wyoming. They way they expressed it "They had a man for breakfast practically every morning." They found a man lying on the street shot quite frequently. No one reported who killed him.

Bat Masterson was sheriff there. Bat's brother came out from the east and wanted a deputy-ship under him.

Bat told him if he gave him a job he would be killed. The brother said he would take chances on that.

Bat finally appointed him and he lasted just two weeks. He went to arrest a man and the man beat him to the draw. When Bat came in (he was out of town at the time) and was told about his brother being killed, he went down after the man himself that killed his brother. Bat was too quick on the draw for that fellow and killed him.

CHAPTER IX

WE START A NEW ADVENTURE

I. SETTLING ON TEXEQUITE

In the fall of 1886 we had quite a lot of stock. We had moved south of where the old place was near Sun City into what we called the gypsum hills. It was rolling, broken country and we thought we'd always have a stock range there to run lots of cattle. Our post office was Deerhead, Kansas.

There was a colony of Jews came from the east, I don't remember where from, but they come out there and they took every single forty acres, or whatever it might be, of that whole country, took the hills, ditches, canyons, and everything.

Well, they were going to stay long enough to prove up. The preemption laws at that time, you could pay a dollar and a quarter an acre and stay there a year and patent that land. That's what they did. They mortgaged it, but they stayed long enough to run us out.

Dad said in the early fall of 1886, "I'm going to look up a new location."

He hooked up his team and lit out. Jim and George, my brothers, went with him. He asked me to stay there and

take care of the stock, which I did. I'd been away in '85 and had come back. Homer Hastings also went along.

They went into the east end of No Man's Land, which is now the east end of the panhandle of Oklahoma. Dad had a brother living there. They stayed a day or two and then hooked up and drifted on west, and came in there right where Clayton, New Mexico, now stands. Then they went north about forty miles in on the Cimarron River, and there's where Dad located his squatter's right.

The Cimarron River heads in the Sangre de Cristo Range of mountains near Raton, New Mexico. There were quite a few people who had moved in on the Cimarron. He met a fellow there by the name of Allen, Smith Allen, and told him he was looking for a location.

Allen says, "There's an awful good place down here on Texequite. Texequite is a little creek that runs into the Cimarron River on the south side."

Dad went down there and looked at the place, and he liked it very much. While there was a squatter's right, (only you couldn't file on land because it was in No Man's Land, a neutral strip) he started the two boys back home with the wagon and team to Kansas and he stayed there.

He fixed up a camp along the side of a big cottonwood that still lays right there in that grove in front of his

front door.

Back in Kansas, after the boys returned, I hooked up the horses (another team) and started west. My brother, Jim, came back with me. Dad took the team then and went back home and left us boys there. I was then seventeen years old.

That was in the early winter of '86. I had a saddle horse and Jim had one. We built us a dugout there. First we dug a hole out in the side of the hill, then built the wall up some with rocks, and cut poles and put on the top of it. Then we got brush and put on the poles, and finally got it so we could cover it with dirt. We put a heavy dirt roof on it, and built a rock fireplace in one end to cook on. We two kids batched and stayed there all winter.

In July, 1888, Father moved Mother and the rest of the family out there, and what stock he had left. The most of his stock, after those Jews took up the country and run 'em around, why they died.

But the horses, he had the stock of horses that I've told before that he traded the two yoke of cattle for a team of mares and a colt. He kept that stock of horses as long as he lived. They were awful good stock, and when he died in 1913, he still had some of that same blood in his bunch of horses that he ran on this place on the Texequite. They

were fine stock and quite speedy, good saddle stock, as well. He always kept plenty of them. We always had lots of stock to ride and lots of horses to work.

II. BUILDING A HOME

Dad was quite a hand to raise and fix up different things. We had to have a house to live in when we came out from Kansas.

We went to work and got fine logs out of the brakes up in the mountains and built one room and put a dirt roof on it. Eventually, by the help of we boys he made adobes and built adobe rooms on it. We had five or six rooms there.

Then he went to work and dug a ditch around about three acres of ground. He dug this ditch about a foot and a half deep, and then cut cedars up on the mesas for posts and set a picket, or hackel fence clear around that three acres of ground to plant a peach orchard.

He planted seeds because there wasn't a nursery this side of Kansas City, I don't reckon at that time. He planted peach seeds to raise the trees, and they began producing a few peaches when they were three years old.

Our orchard used to supply quite a large scope of country there. People used to drive fifty or sixty miles

to get peaches. I remember very well one time old John Metcalf came in there. They always stayed two or three nights when they came.

He said, "Well, what'd be the chance to buy some peaches?"

Dad said, "No, I wouldn't sell you any peaches."

"Well, we've driven this distance, close to fifty miles to get some peaches, and we thought sure we could."

"Well," Dad says, "I won't sell you any, but are they worth picking?"

"Sure!"

Well, that's the way he did. He never sold a peach off of that orchard. He'd give them to people. When they'd come after them he'd let them go out and pick what they wanted.

III. HARD TIMES

Dad had a pretty hard time when we came in there on the Texequite.

I went to work for a big cattle company, and when I came in the next fall, I'm telling you, Father and Mother were pretty hard up financially. They didn't have very much to eat and were almost barefooted, and I had a while longer to work.

I said, "What's the matter, Dad? You haven't got anything?"

"Well," I said, "I'll just give you an order to the bookkeeper up there at the headquarters. I haven't drawn any money, and you go up there and get it."

He said, "No, I don't want to take your money."

I said, "That's all right," and so I gave him an order to go up to old George Green, who was the timekeeper and bookkeeper there at the headquarters ranch. He went and got what money I had coming to me to run him through the winter.

They got along pretty well. They had a few milk cows they'd brought out from Kansas with them and quite a bunch of horses, so they began to pick up, but, of course, they had a hard time the same as all other people in that country.

So I turned over to Father my summer's wages. I did that two different years, in order to help him out. He got by all right in good shape finally.

IV. BLACK WALNUTS

In June on the west side of the peach orchard in 1889 Dad was plowing around the west and north sides. I had just come in home from the range.

Dad came into the house and said to me, "Come out here and drop these walnuts for me." He'd been back into Kansas and gotten some of the old black walnuts, and he wanted to plant them. So I went out and as he plowed a furrow I dropped the nuts.

I said, "How far apart do you want them?"

"Oh," he said, "about six or seven feet."

I dropped those walnuts into that furrow, and the next time he came around he plowed them under. Those trees that came from those nuts are now forty or fifty feet high. I've been told that a furniture company representative came out from the east and offered several hundred dollars for the trunks of those trees to make furniture, but they still stand there.

CHAPTER X

COWBOYS AND KILLINGS

I. DAYS IN THE SADDLE

In the spring of 1887 I went to work for the Western Land and Cattle Company, the old original 101's. It was owned by men who lived in Scotland.

This ranch was six miles from the New Mexico line and eight miles from the Colorado line. The book account showed they had fifty thousand head of cattle on the range there, government range, didn't cost anything to graze 'em, just turned 'em out. There were no fences in the country.

About forty-five men worked all summer and about fifteen in the winter. They had three mess wagons and a cook with each wagon. These drifted around over different parts of the country and branded the calves.

In the fall the same outfit with each wagon would drift around and gather up the beef cattle and trail them to market. At that time the shipping point was Las Animas, Colorado. The railroad had come west, about ninety or a hundred miles from the ranch.

Each man had ten or twelve head of horses apiece to ride. I got thirty dollars a month. That was pretty good wages in those days, because the company furnished your

horses, your grub, and a cook to cook it. All I had to furnish was my bed and saddle.

That was in the days when the cowpunchers were real cowmen. Some of the boys were as fine young fellows as you would meet anywhere, and some of them were hard customers that had drifted in there. Each fellow carried a six-shooter and a belt of cartridges. We didn't even know the real names of some of them. They just had nicknames.

I carried a Colt forty-five. No Man's Land was a rendezvous, or hiding place, for men who were on the dodge from most every state, as there was no law there. No state had jurisdiction over it. You wouldn't dare, at that time, to ask a man his name. If you did, he was liable to insult you.

Finally, there was a little town started there known as Kenton. In the early days it was the "cowboy capital," and is located at the west end of the Black Mesa, the highest point in Oklahoma. In late years on my Father's place interesting relics of the Basketmakers have been found in cave shelters of sandstone bluffs. They can be seen in the museum of the University of Oklahoma at Norman.

At Kenton there were five buildings, small buildings constructed of stone and adobe. Three of them were saloons, one a grocery store, and one a residence. George Meyers and

Charlie Hewlett lived in the house. Meyers had a wife and boy.

I have been in those saloons when the six-shooter smoke was so thick you could scarcely see a man. They used black powder in those days.

In Meyers and Hewlett's Saloon they had a pool hall. I've seen the cowpunchers playing pool, and shooting the balls with six-shooters instead of billiard cues. I believe there were at least a thousand holes in the walls and floor of that building.

I was in there one night when there was a man sitting in a chair with its back leaned back against the bar, drunk and asleep. Men were shooting whiskey bottles off the bar right over him.

Finally Bill Thompson said, "I'll let him down."

He shot one back leg off the chair and he fell to the floor. They shot all around him and never did hit him. Men were very apt gunmen in those days.

II. RIDING FOR THE 101'S

In the spring of 1887, this big cow outfit that I worked for had three hundred fifty head of saddle horses. They were good ones, too, the most of 'em. Some of 'em were pretty high jumpers, but they were good when you got

'em uncocked.

I went down to the mess house and stayed there. They had a cook and the grub was free. They had an old Irishman cooking there--a good cook, too, but quite a rough old fellow, like some of the Irish are.

I stayed there at the mess house until the general work was to start that spring on the South Canadian about one hundred and fifty miles south of there. It was to start right where the South Canadian River runs out of the state of New Mexico into the state of Texas.

We had to gather up those horses. Had to round up the horses and get everything in readiness. They ran three wagons.

Before we went after the horses, we went down to the corral to get our mounts.[5] There was a big, brown, bald-faced horse that had been fed grain all winter. Nobody had ridden him.

There was an old man about sixty years old, old Bill Follis. He was really too contrary to talk, hardly, a

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[5] Ramon F. Adams, Cowboy Lingo (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1936), p. 86; "When a man took a new job, the boss usually pointed out to him six or eight horses which were his for use, very seldom giving him any information regarding them. Information was frequently taken as an offense; to tell him nothing was a compliment--a good way to start a new man off."

gruff old fellow.

He said to me, he said, "Kid, put your saddle on that brown horse there."

I put my saddle on him and he jumped almost as high as the eaves of that mess house and bucked with that saddle to a fare-you-well.

I thought, "Well, here's where trouble starts with me."

Joe Summers, another kid that was there, came up to me and said, "That horse has got his man every spring. He's bucked him off."

I said, "This is one time he won't get 'em." I was makin' a brag anyway.

I had quite a severe bit and I drew up my reins pretty tight and slipped onto him. I held him up and didn't let him buck.

Well, we rounded somewhere about a hundred head of horses and ran them in a big pole corral there. When we got 'em in the corral why this old gruff fellow he says, (He called me "Texequite Bill" because Jim and I had batched there on Texequite. He always did call me "Texequite Bill,") he said, "Texequite Bill, do you see that whistlin' black runnin' around through there?"

I said, "Yep."

He said, "Put your rope on him."

So I roped him, and he had rollers in his nose, and he rolled 'em too, I'm tellin' you! He sure was a snortin' scoundrel. I led him out and put my bridle on him, and put my blanket on him. When I'd pick up my saddle he'd throw the blanket off. I had it round and round there with him.

Finally this kid, Joe Summers, says, "Wait a minute, and I'll help you hold him."

Another fella, Lynn Mansker, he says, "I'll help you, too."

They each one of 'em got a hold of the horse's ears and they twisted 'em, put their weight on his head and held him until I put my saddle on him.

When I got the saddle cinched up I said, "Just hold him and I'll slip onto him."

"Oh, no, you'd better let him buck with the saddle. He bucks pretty hard."

I said, "Well, it doesn't make any difference to me." So I slipped onto him, and when I got ready I said, "Turn 'im loose!"

Instead of him bucking he just threw his head up in my face, almost, and started running right up through a prairie dog town, just as hard as he could run. He ran about a quarter of a mile, and I thought, "Gee, I'd rather

he'd buck as to run over these prairie holes."

I just reached up with my right spur and scratched him a little on the shoulder. Then he "lost his head," but I rode him to a fare-you-well. Kinda took it out of him and turned and rode back down to the corral.

That was my first introduction to that big cow outfit, and I thought, "Gee, if all the horses they've got are like this, I don't know whether I want to work or not."

But I rode five years for that outfit straight and I rode most of the horses that were on the ranch, not regular, but just occasionally, and I never was bucked off a horse as long as I worked there. I don't know how it happened. I had to "pull leather" lots of times and hang on, but I always stayed.

III. TARGET PRACTICE

At the mess house that belonged to the Western Land and Cattle Company, on the Cimarron, at the original 101 Ranch we used to hold out during the winter time and in the spring, where the company furnished all the grub

end a cook to cook it.[6]

There was a two-room house built about two hundred yards north, and a little west of the old mess house. The mess house had a lot of rooms in it. It had a kitchen, a dining room, and bunk rooms for the cowpunchers.

They'd lay around there in the winter and get pretty rollicky. They didn't have anything to do. Fellows slept over in this two-room house about two hundred yards away. Both houses were built out of stone.

Those fellows over across the creek in this two-room house, one day there was one standing out there by the

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[6] In 1874 the old original 101 ranch was first established on the Cimarron River in No Man's Land by Sam Doss and Dan Taylor. It's brand was VI (vee eye).

In 1881 a Scotch Company purchased the fifteen thousand head of cattle from Doss and Taylor and established 101 (One hundred one) as their brand. They raised the number of cattle to fifty thousand head, plus three hundred fifty saddle horses.

Henry Jones was the Superintendent for the ten years the company ran the ranch, until 1891. The stock grazed on government land.

After the losses sustained during the severe winters from 1886 to 1889, plus the coming of too many settlers, the headquarters were changed to a ranch on the Rita Blanca, northwest of Tascosa, Texas.

The 101 Ranch owned by Miller was established later. He had approximately three thousand head of cattle, but his show gave him much publicity.

corner. A cowpuncher over in the other house with a forty-five six-shooter shot so he'd just hit the corner of the house. He dodged behind the house, when he pointed the gun that way. So they got to shootin' at each other. They'd do that every once in awhile. They'd shoot and see the smoke with old black powder, from either house and dodge behind the corner. They never did hit anybody. By the time the ball'd get there they dodged behind the corner.

One day old George McJuncen, a negro there who was so black he shined, but as fine a negro as ever lived, come from Trinidad and brought down a forty-five-hundred-and-ten Sharp's rifle. The fellas got to shootin' at each other again. Old George says, "Now you just watch me stop that shootin'. It won't happen any more."

The fellas over in the two-room house didn't know that old George had this big rifle. He just stood beside the corner of the big mess house. A fellow was standing close to the corner of the other house. He thought he'd dodge behind the corner as usual. Old George pulled down right close to the corner of that house with that old forty-five-hundred-and-ten and before he had time to dodge, why bingo went that big ball and smashed right against the corner of the house.

That put a stop to the shooting at each other. There was no harm meant by it. It was just in fun.

IV. "JIMMIE, THE TOUGH"

Two years after in 1890, I was sent as an outside man for the Western Land and Cattle Company outfit to go down where the town of Tucumcari, New Mexico, now stands. I was to work out from there onto the Staked Plains and gather what cattle there were there and throw them into the trail herds, to drive them north to get them back on the range.

I had twelve head of good horses in my mount. When I left Clayton, New Mexico, I went west until I struck what they called the Telegraph Road running south. I noticed there'd been a mess wagon and a remuda of horses had gone along there. I thought, "Well, I'll just catch up with them." I fell in behind my horses with my rope down and started them all in a run.

At the top of the first hill I saw the outfit. I joined them and we went on down to the Canadian River. It was the Cross F D W outfit. They had just turned their herd loose over there on the Sensca north of Clayton.

There was a negro working with the Cross F D W's. There was also a little fellow they called "Jimmie, the

Tough." That was the only name I ever heard for him.

The wagon boss was Bob Haley. He'd gone home. He had a wife and some children over on "the River" and he went over there and stayed all night and then came back the night they turned the herd loose.

Jimmie and this negro had a mix-up some way. Just after I caught up with the outfit I threw my horses into the remuda and the man was driving them.

A fellow by the name of Cliff Crews and myself rode on ahead of the horses. The wagon was in the rear. We were riding along there. We both had guns. Cliff had an old ivory-handled forty-five hanging on his hip.

We heard a horse's feet coming and here came that negro. He came up and said to us, "Jimmie, the Tough' says he's going to kill me."

I said, "No, I guess not."

"Yes, he is!"

We looked and saw "Jimmie, the Tough" stop the mess wagon and throw off the beds until he came to his. He unrolled it and got his six-shooter and got on his horse and here he came. When he got pretty close to the negro he threw out the gun to shoot. The negro was riding an old outlaw horse which they usually had to ride. A negro or a Mexican had to ride all the outlaws there were.

The negro grabbed his horse with the spurs to make him run, but the horse went to bucking. The first shot "fough" fired at him he shot through the back part of his saddle and went through into the fork in the front part. It didn't hit the negro because he was riding a little high in the saddle, since the horse was bucking. The next shot he fired, over went the negro onto the ground.

Jimmie rode back and met the remuda of horses and stopped them and caught his own private horse and put his saddle on him. When he got on he waved his hand and said, "Goodbye boys, this has happened before," and that's the last we ever saw of "Jimmie, the Tough."

Well, we had that negro on our hands and had to do something with him. We got the old short-handled spade again out of the mess wagon and dug a grave right off to the side of the road.[7] We dug down to three, three and a

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[7] Ramon F. Adams, Western Words (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1945), p. 35:

"The life of the cowboy away from headquarters has always centered around the chuck wagon. It is his home, his bed and board; it is where he gets his fresh horses, and it means fire, dry clothes, and companionship; it is his hospital and office, his playground and social center. At night it is his place of relaxation, where he spins his yarns, sings his songs, smokes his cigarettes at leisure, and spends the happiest years of his life."

half feet, four maybe. We took the negro's bed and spread half of it down in the hole, laid him in there, put the other half of the bed over him and shoveled in the dirt.

The cook had a piece of board sticking in at the side of the chuckwagon box, that he whittled off to start a fire. We got that and stuck it to the head of the grave. The negro wore a big wide-brimmed white hat with a string that hung down under his chin. We took that string and tied that hat to the stake, after we stuck it up to his grave, wrote his name on the brim of that hat and went on south.

V. KILLED BEFORE SUNDOWN

Once while I was working for that big cattle company we were on the same work as the Cross L's outfit. There were all the way from twelve to twenty men with each wagon. They had to pile the camp beds up pretty high because each man had a bed of his own. He'd roll it up and tie a rope or straps around it.

Well, when we went to load the beds onto the wagon one man had to be up on the wagon to place them and two men would pitch the beds up to them.

The man on the wagon says, "Wait a minute."

Instead of waiting they threw up another bed and he either shoved it off or it rolled off of its own accord, we

never knew which. But anyway, when it rolled down off the wagon it struck one of the fellows and shoved him.

The fellow who was on the ground who was hit by the bed says, "I'll kill you before the sun goes down tonight."

The fellow who was on the wagon had a Winchester rifle in the wagon, and he took it out and laid it on the wagon seat where he could get it and take it along with him on circle that day.

When we started on circle, I chanced to be in the same bunch that both of them were. We went down the river just below the old Cross L Ranch and rounded up the river just above the ranch and another bunch went up the river.

We got down the river and started up. They'd all dropped off except three of us. That was myself and these two fellows who were going to fight. One man had his Winchester carrying it in his hand, and the other fellow had a six-shooter.

As we drove a bunch of cattle along up the river bottom, I never did know whether this man that had the six-shooter cut out a yearling or whether it ran back, and started to run behind the fellow who had the Winchester. As he ran behind this fellow with the Winchester, that he'd told he'd kill him before sundown, he pulled his six-shooter and was going to shoot him in the back.

The man with the Winchester was watching him. He just turned in the saddle and when that fellow pulled his six-shooter he cut down on him with that Winchester and hit him right in the hip bone. It just looked to me like he jumped a foot above the saddle when that ball hit him and off onto the ground he went.

I rode back there, and another fellow just a little ways off heard the shooting and came over. The fellow was lying there as "dead as a mackerel."

I took my slicker off my saddle to cover him. The other man took his slicker and doubled it up and put it under his head. We straightened him out there on the ground and covered him to keep the flies away. We got on our horses. I took his horse by the bridle and went on up to the round-up.

When we got there the boss said, "Where's so and so?"

"Why, he's down there on the ground. We've got him covered up with a slicker."

I've forgotten the names of all of them. I don't remember names very well any more. Anyway, I said, "That fellow who said he'd kill him before sundown--he's the fellow that got killed himself."

We went on and worked the round-up, cut out the cows and calves and were getting ready to brand. A bunch of us went down there and took the old short-handled spade that the cook used to put fire on the lids of the Dutch ovens to bake the bread, and to dig a hole to build his fire in.

We dug a hole there about three feet deep and put him in the hole and put his slicker over him, and shoveled the dirt in on him. I guess he's there yet. He was the last time I was there.

So that's usually the way those fellows who threaten to kill somebody gets it.

VI. TWO "GREEN" ENGLISHMEN

One spring there were two "green" Englishmen shipped over from England by the Scotch owners of the 101's. They said they wanted to make "cowbiys."

Old Sam Pauli was one of the wagon bosses that year. We lay around the mess house because we had a bunch of young horses to ride out, that they'd bought to build up some of the old ones that had died. We were riding those horses, broncos they were, and most all of them would buck.

We got so we'd run in a bunch and all saddle our horses and mount at the same time to see which one would jump the highest.

These Englishmen kept watching us, and finally one of them they called Sam said to Pauli, "And Mr. Pauli, I'd like to ride something that would bolt."

Mister Pauli gave him a horse that was well broken, but he'd buck a little bit. I could have ridden him bareback no harder than he bucked.

So Pauli caught this horse for that Englishman, and told him, "That one will bolt a little with you."

The men saddled him and told Sam to crawl onto him. The horse was half as old as he was, but it went to "bolting" as he called it (bucking a little) and off went the Englishman.

Pauli said, "Why didn't you ride that horse?"

Sam said, "'ow can I ride 'im w'en 'e 'ides 'is 'ead? I can ride 'im in a trot or a walk, but that bloody long 'op, I can't remain in the saddle, you know!"

Those two fellas watched us when we were first starting to break these young horses. We'd have a man to circle the first saddle or two to keep them out of the ditches and holes.

That spring when we started south both of these Englishmen had managed to get on a horse, old broke horses, that'd been broken for several years, and one of them would circle for the other. They'd just have them around and

around all over that flat, one running after the other to keep them out of the holes.

If we didn't lead those two Englishmen a merry chase nobody ever did, by gracious! But they had the nerve, they stayed with it, and got along very well, made pretty fair cowhands after they'd had a year or two experience. But they were the "greenest" pieces of humanity ever I saw when they first came out there.

VII. MICKEY AND THE WHITE MULES

The Evans, Hunter, and Evans ranch there in the early days was quite a big cow outfit. They were in the "Comanche Pool."[8]

They kept an old Irishman, old Mickey, as a chore man and to drive in to get supplies at the railroad. He had a span of white mules to drive. I never was able to tell one mule from the other, but he could. One of them was gentle to ride, and the other was a bucker.

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8 Originated by Evans, Hunter, and Evans about 1875 in the Indian Territory, a portion of the Cherokee Strip. Some Texas cowmen leased the land from the Indians and formed a "pool" to build a fence. Later there was trouble with the Indians and the government ordered the removal of the fence.

When old Mickey would want to go to town, after the little towns were established there, he'd always saddle up his gentle mule and ride to town, and usually come back pretty drunk, but the mule would always bring him home.

He saddled up the gentle mule and left him standing in the stall in the barn while he went to the house to put on his "glad rags." Ben Walker, Charlie Nelson, and a bunch of those mischievous fellows, changed the saddle off the gentle mule and put it on the bucking mule and just changed sides with them in the stall.

Here came old Mickey. He shoved the barn door open and backed the mule out of the stall and mounted him right in the barn. Here he came, bucking for all he was worth.

He hollered, "Head him off, boys, I've got the wrong mule!"

They'd been pruning up the trees around in the grove there and the barn sat right in the edge of a grove of timber. There were some sharp snags which stuck out where they'd cut the limbs off.

As that mule bucked through that timber old Mickey hit one of those snags with his upper lip and cut it clear to his teeth. He was hollering every jump that mule would make, "Yip! Yip! Yip!"

Pretty soon he went out of sight in the timber and said, "There, be Jads, he's threwed me!"

He got up and came walking back with the blood running out of that gash in his upper lip, cut from his nose clear down.

These same fellows who had changed the saddle on the mule were just having the biggest fun out of it. Just to have some fun, just so it didn't kill a men.

Anyway, old Mickey was sitting there humped over and the blood (and slobbers) was running out of his mouth. Old Ben Walker came up with an old crooked sack needle with sack twine in it. The needle was about five inches long and about an eighth of an inch or more wide.

He said, "Mickey, we've got to sew up your lip. It'll ruin you if we don't sew it up."

Old Mickey raised up and took a look at that needle and the twine and says, "Biys, an' I don't believe I can stand it."

Old Mickey never did know that they'd put up a job on him or he'd have killed some of them. He was a fighting old fellow.

CHAPTER XI

LAW AND ORDER

I. AMBUSHED

I was a deputy sheriff in the west half of No Man's Land for nine years.[9] I had to run up against lots of pretty tough characters. At one time I had nine of them chained together with leg-irons and trace chains. I was looking for another fellow.

Two of us were riding along up a canyon going up to a house where we thought we'd pick up this fellow. I knew there was no particular danger in him.

I saw a fellow running across the mesa from the edge of the cap-rock over into a jungle of rocks, just east of the house where we were expecting to find this fellow.

I said, "Hold on, look at that fellow over there. Maybe that's the man we're looking for."

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[9] No Man's Land was an area south of Kansas and Colorado, north of the Texas Panhandle, and east of New Mexico. Ceded to the United States by Texas in 1850. Attached to no state or territory until 1890. No local or national law made it a hide-out for desperadoes and horse thieves.

The nearest railroad was Dodge City, Kansas. The settlers organized a territory which in 1890 became a part of the Territory of Oklahoma, which became a state in 1907.

We turned and rode back over there. Rode up and got not over forty yards from these rocks where he went down in there. I saw him peeking over a rock and I knew as soon as I saw him that he wasn't the man I was looking for. We both got down off our horses. I walked up with my Winchester and laid it on top of a little hardwood fence post there, a post about four inches through.

I said, "Come on down, boy! Come on down here!"

This old fellow who was with me was named McGill. He walked out to my left, stood right out in front of his horse holding his bridle reins, with his gun in his right hand. When I called on this fellow to come down he shot at old man McGill. The old man dropped his bridle reins, and there was a ditch about fifty yards and he "sifted sand" for that ditch. He sure was running.

I couldn't see the fellow when he shot at him. He got down behind a rock from me. The second shot he shot at old McGill I heard the shot hit him. He ran in a quarter circle and fell right on his face. I supposed he was killed.

Then the fellow stuck his head over the rock and cut down on me. I don't know where the first shot went, and don't remember whether it was the second or third one, because business was a little bit rushing right at that special moment. He shot five times at me there and all I

had was that little old fence post. He ripped right across my stomach with one of those balls. He just tore all the side of that fence post out.

Another one he shot me in the left leg and all that kept it from bursting my knee was that I had that leg sprung a little because it was on the side of a hill, and I was standing with that foot uphill, naturally. I shoot right-handed. He shot five shots at me and I shot four at him. The only way I saved my bacon I'm satisfied was that I could hear his Winchester. He was using a forty-eighty-two Winchester. I could hear it rattle every time he'd throw a cartridge into it. But he'd always dodge down behind a rock when he'd shoot. I had to have my cannon ready when his head came up over that rock to make him shoot quick. If I hadn't made him shoot quick he'd have killed me, there's no doubt of that. As it was I had only flesh wounds. Finally he got away.

I went down to McGill. The blood was running from him down the hillside there about ten or twelve feet. I supposed he was shot in the body. I thought, "Well, I'll turn him over and see where he's hit."

I turned him over, unbuttoned his shirt and I couldn't see any place in the body. I noticed then that the blood was squirting out of his arm. I pushed his shirt

sleeve up. He didn't have on any underclothes. He'd shot him through the arm and cut the artery. He was about out of it from bleeding. I took his handkerchief from his pocket, tore it in two and tied his arm right above the wound just as tight as I could draw it and stopped the blood.

The J J cow outfit was camped down just below there. They heard the shooting and some of the men began coming up there. I tried to take old man McGill down to the shade of a tree that stood on the bank of the canyon. He was a big fellow, and I could just sit him up--couldn't start to carry him. There was a spring running down that little ditch. I took his hat and went down there and dipped it up with water and brought it up there and bathed his face and poured it on him, got him up so he could grunt anyway.

When some of those J J cowpunchers came up, one of the men went to a house not too far away and got a man to come up with a spring wagon and hauled him home. It crippled that old man for life. It cut the nerves in his arm until his hand all withered away.

This fellow that did the shooting and myself traded horses. I got his horse and saddle and he got mine. I kept his saddle and wore it out. I don't know what he did with mine. He had a Gallup saddle and a stolen horse.

These nine men we had, we had to take one hundred and sixty miles to the county seat at Beaver City. We hired old Bill Metcalf with a heavy hack and a good team of horses. We had to camp out on the road. We started, a bunch of us guarding those fellows. All of us were horseback. We had the bunch all chained together in the wagon except one. We left his arms loose so he could do the driving.

We got a way down on the plains and stood guard every night, hobbled our horses. This horse which was supposed to have belonged to the shooter, I put a pair of leg-irons on him and locked them.

Old Frank Healey was on guard and along in the night he came in and said, "There's something out there. I saw a fellow out there, but he ran."

Healey, who was the sheriff, had always made it a practice to go on the south of the river, the Beaver River, going down. When we got there to the junction of the roads close to the junction he said, "I believe we'll go down on the north side this time.

We went down on the north side and put the fellows in jail. When we started to the west end, one of the men drove the team and wagon. We got up there to Hardisty where a little country store and a town had started. A fellow by the name of Dick Quinn had a paper he published

there. I was acquainted with Quinn and we stopped there.

He said, "By the way! There was somebody in here that stole one of my neighbor's horses the other night. He left a horse out there with this man's bunch of horses. There's the brand written on the wall right there off the horse that he left."

I stepped over there and looked at it and it was my horse. The brand was three-quarter box A on that horse.

"Well," I said, "That's my horse. I've still got his."

I told the fellow who was driving the wagon to go ahead and I'd meet them further up the road. I went out and found my horse there in that bunch of horses.

Come to find out, there at the junction of these roads where the sheriff says, "We'll go down on the north side this time," this shooter and another fellow had dug a fortification in the side of a sandhill there just apast the junction of these two roads and were laying for us and were going to kill a bunch of us as we passed. But by the sheriff surmising we ought to take the north road we missed that fun. I reckon you'd call it fun. I suppose some fellow would have lost his bacon maybe, I don't know.

Anyway, this shooter sent me word time and time again by some of his friends that harbored him there (he'd come

back up into the West End) that if I didn't bring his saddle to a certain place and turn it over, he'd kill me. But he never did.

There was a high mesa on the east side of our house. There was a cedar tree set back just a ways from the cap-rock. I didn't know it at the time. I'm sorry I didn't, but that fellow came there and tied his horse to that cedar tree day after day 'til the horse had the ground tramped around that cedar tree, lying on the cap-rock trying to get a chance to kill me. But he never did have the guts to shoot me. If I'd have known he was up there laying for me I'd a sneaked around and come up on the other side. I'd have hunted him out like I was hunting a grizzly bear. Course I didn't know he was up there.

One day after that, the only time I ever saw him, I was coming from the post office riding down the road. The road made two different turns where we came through a gap, in the mountain east of the post office.

When I came to one of those turns I saw a fellow standing behind a horse, a bay horse, with his Winchester laid on the saddle, off to the side of the road right where it was pretty rough, up in the gap. I kinda pulled up my horse and slowed up a little and meditated about what to do. I thought, "If I turn and go the other way he'll shoot

me in the back, and I'll just face him."

I just pulled my old forty-five Colt out of my trousers there, and cocked it. He was on my right side. I rode on down there, and he was right on the second turn. He wasn't over twenty feet from the road.

Before I got to him he raised that Winchester off the saddle and covered me with it. I made up my mind that if he said anything to me I was just going to throw my old six-shooter up and shoot, and grab my horse with the spurs, and I knew he'd miss me.

He covered me with that Winchester and I rode right on down past him and he just followed me with that gun. He kept it down on me all the time 'til I got quite a little ways past him. When I got on by I rolled the steel into my horse and went off down on open ground.

If that was him, which no doubt it was, because the postmaster told me the next time I went back, he described him thoroughly and he said that he'd been there and bought a couple of boxes of cartridges for his Winchester. The horse that he stole when he left mine down there was a bay, so we presumed it was him. But he never did get his saddle back and I never did get mine. So we just traded. I call it a trade, and that's all.

II. BRINGING HIM BACK ALIVE

East of where we lived about twenty miles there was a fellow by the name of Smith holding out there. He didn't live there, but he stopped there. There were places, two or three of them, where he could go in and get all he wanted to eat any time, and sleep there.

He went up there into Coloredo where Isom Like and his sons were in the horse business, and stole a bunch of old man Like's horses. He took them down to this ranch where he held out a good deal of the time. He got the people there to help him burn the brands. The brand was I L on the left shoulder and they made T L out of it. They just ran over the old brand with an iron and burned it.

Old man Like found out that this fellow Smith had stolen some of his horses (Smith used to work for Like). So they came down there, old man Life and his son, and swore out a warrant for Smith and put it in the constable's hands, the justice did, to arrest Smith.

They went down there after him, going through what was called South Park east of there about ten miles on the Cimarron. They went through this park and on the east side of the park just before the road started up a slope there was a kind of wall of rock come down from each side. It wasn't over fifty or sixty feet between the walls of rock.

When the constable and the two Like's rode through there, there was Smith, the man they were looking for, with a Winchester down on them, standing behind his horse. He cursed them, called them sons of B's and so on and told them to ride on down the road or he'd kill 'em. They obeyed his orders. Smith got on his horse and followed those fellows for a mile and a half. They came to the next canyon. There was a big boulder lying there that was twelve or fourteen feet square. They rode in behind that boulder.

The constable stuck his gun up in the air and shot it a time or two, and Smith loped off across the flat.

Here they came right back up there where they started from. The constable came to me and he said, "I want you to go with me to help get that fellow. He got the drop on us yesterday."

I said, "No, I won't go with you. There's only one way that I'll go, and that is if the justice turns the warrant over to me I'll go and get him."

He got on his horse and went over to the justice of the peace, and the justice came over and brought the warrant and ordered me to go and arrest him.

The constable was with him and I said, "I guess I'll just take you along with me to get him."

We rode down to the ranch where he burned the horses, and where he'd been putting up. The old man who owned the ranch was there. I rode up to him and said, "Have you seen Sam Smith lately?"

"No," he said, "I haven't seen the son of a B for a month, and if I ever seen him I'm going to kill him."

I said, "All right, maybe I'd better take you along if you want to kill him. It might save me the job."

"Well," he says, "if I had a saddle I'd go, but I haven't got any saddle. If you'll let my little girl get on a horse and go around the point to another house to borrow a saddle I'll go along."

The first thought that struck me was, that fellow I was looking for was there at that house around the point.

I said, "You can either walk and lead that horse that far or else ride him bareback."

I got down and took his gun and took him by the foot and put him up on the horse bareback.

When we came to the point where we could see the other house, there was a stone house built up there with range work. Off to the left of it pretty close was a kind of a cellar built up with about two thirds of the wall above the ground, and the balance of it was dug in the hillside. Between the two houses was a nice spring of water, running

down there.

When we came to this point I saw Smith jump out of the cellar and run into the main building, with a Winchester in his hand.

I said, "Well, there he is, Mr. Brite. You're going to get a chance to kill him, I guess."

I rode on down the road. I didn't have any time to watch the old man or the constable either. I had to watch the man who had the gun. He went inside the main building and stuck his Winchester out the door, right around the door jamb.

When I got pretty close to him he began cursing me and said, "Ride on or I'll kill you!"

"Oh," I said, "Sam, you don't want to kill me."

I rode right on down the road which ran within twenty feet of the door. On the right of the road was a deep hole of water and quite a gorge there. I could hear that Winchester he had, rattling against that stone jamb, he was so nervous.

When I came to the spring that ran down between the two buildings, my horse was thirsty and he tried to get his head down to drink. I grabbed him with the spurs and he jumped that spring branch, and jumped right towards the door where this fellow was standing. He jumped out of the door

and ran into a patch of cane there that was just about up to his arms. I stepped down off my horse as he ran, and raised my Winchester and first thought when I got down I intended to shoot him right between the shoulders. But I thought, "That fellow's never done me any harm. I don't want to kill him."

He didn't run but a few jumps until he went out of sight. I looked around for this old man and he was standing right where he was when I looked at him last, in the road beside his horse. I looked for the constable and he was coming from away down the creek afoot. I don't know how on earth he ever got down there. He must have flew. His horse was standing clear across the creek where the gorge was on the flat over there.

I said, "Come on up here, you dirty cur!"

He came over there and he was scared within an inch of his life.

He said, "Do you know why I got off my horse? I lost my six-shooter."

I said, "Well, you don't need it anyhow. You wouldn't use it."

This fellow disappeared in this cane patch. I said, "Now listen, there's a stone fence about three feet high running along upon a hill above this patch of cane." Then further down was another patch of cane that was as high or

higher than a man's head.

I said to the constable, "Let's go up here behind this fence, and walk along there where we can look down through this patch of cane where he went out of sight because the rows run right straight from the fence down. If he isn't in there, if he's got across into this other patch where it's higher we'll have to go down there to get him."

The constable managed to walk along up behind that fence. We looked through that first patch of cane and he wasn't in there. He'd got across into the other one. There was only about a hundred feet between them.

I climbed over that fence and said, "All right, come on, let's go down there and get him."

I made a few steps and looked around and by George! that constable was lying right flat on his face behind that stone wall.

I started on down there and heard some fella holler. I looked down and Sam Smith had both hands up waving them at me, when he saw I was going to come down there.

I said, "Lay 'em on your head and come on up here, but leave your gun down there."

He laid 'em up on his head and come walking on up. When he came up there and I put handcuffs on him the

constable got up off the ground then and stood up.

I said, "Do you think you can take care of this bird 'til I got down there and get that gun?"

I put a pair of leg-irons on him too so he couldn't run.

I said, "Sam, whereja leave that gun?"

He said, "Right where I was when I held my hands up when I first hollered."

I went down there and got his Winchester and took him on up. He began telling about all the fellows who had a mix-up in it and things that other fellows had done that was the cause of the nine men I had being arrested, and the cause of me being shot, and the other men getting shot. He implicated them in this horse-branding, robbing, and stealing and told of everything they'd ever done, I reckon, that he knew anything about, and probably a lot that he didn't know anything about.

We took him down and put him in jail at Beaver City. He broke jail and came back up there. He then went down around near what is now Tucumcari, New Mexico, to the S Bar T Ranch. We didn't know where he was, but we'd heard that he'd broke jail.

III. CAPTURED AGAIN

Horace Hughes had a cow ranch there. One morning he came up to our place and said, "Some fella stole two of my horses out of the corral last night, and I want you to go with me and help get 'im."

I said, "Okay."

We lit out and took the trail of that fella. We came back over south and a little west of where he'd stole the horses and stopped there where there was a fella batching and got his breakfast, no doubt. It showed where a horse had been tied to the fence there. Right there were two horses he's stolen from the S Bar T Ranch. When he stole the other horses he'd turned them loose there, where he got his breakfast.

He went south from there. We trailed his horses. Every little while riding along trailing him I'd see a forty-five-seventy cartridge alayin' on the ground. I'd get down and pick it up, and put it in my pocket.

We trailed him away south about fifteen miles, and then he went east aways and then turned north. Every little while all the way along I'd pick up a cartridge. We couldn't imagine how in the world he ever dropped them cartridges.

We crossed the Cimarron River down just a little ways from where I'd arrested him before. We went out in near where Springfield, Colorado, is now. We were crossing the plains, and there had been a prairie fire there and burned off an awful lot of country.

Old man Hughes says, "We'll never be able to trail him on that burnt ground in the world."

I said, "Why, we'll trail him easier there than we do right here."

One of the horses tipped the ground with his hind feet as he'd trot. You could see where he'd turn the burnt stubble fifty yards or more ahead of you all the time, where that horse'd hit the ground with his toes. So we just started in a lope when we hit that burnt ground and went right on.

The first raise we went over we saw him, riding one horse and leading the other. He had a forty-five-seventy Winchester on his saddle. We came in from behind him and he didn't look back. When we got within about a hundred yards of him I pulled my old Winchester, covered him, and hollered at 'im. Old Horace went on right up to him. If he'd reached for that gun I'd plugged 'im right there. We went over there and took charge of his gun.

Come to find out these cartridges I'd been pickin' up had been in a twenty-five pound flour sack. He'd had a

whole raft of them in that sack tied to his saddle horn. As he rode they wore a hole in the bottom, a hole just big enough to drop one cartridge at a time. That's the way he lost 'em. So he didn't have very many left in the sack when we caught 'im.

We took him back to jail at Beaver City. The jail they had was awfully poor, and the sheriff wanted me to stay down there and play jailer, 'til he could make different arrangements. So I stayed down there for two months. I just sat around there and did nothing except see that that fella didn't break jail. My salary was on a per cent basis, whatever the commissioners allowed.

Finally they made arrangements to take him to another jail way down in Oklahoma. He was there awhile until he broke jail.

I used to read letters from his mother when I was jailer there, and she said, "Son, I'm awfully sorry that I didn't hold you down a little more and been a little more strict on you as you grew up." (His father was dead.) "Maybe you'd be home with me where you'd ought to be, behaving yourself."

Anyway, he broke jail again, and he and another fella that broke jail together, went out and stole guns and made arrangements to rob a train. When they held up the

train they killed one man. Don't know whether Smith killed 'im or whether the other fella killed 'im. Anyway, they killed one man. The officers shot Sam Smith when they went after 'em as he resisted. They shot 'im right between the bone of the neck and the cord, and creased 'im. It paralyzed 'im the rest of his life. He lay for months and months in the jail hospital, couldn't move hand or foot. So that wound up his career.

IV. ROUGH JUSTICE

There was another outlaw there in that country who was a pretty tough character. His name was Ketchum, "Black Jack," or Tom Ketchum. I used to work with him that same year that the negro was killed over there when I was on the way to work on the Plains, down where Tucumcari, New Mexico, now is. Ketchum was working for the S Bar T outfit on that same round-up. He'd stop and work during the summer season for a while. When he thought the officers were crowding him he'd hike out. He was a good cowman, but a very tough character.

He got to robbing trains, and the last six years he ran he couldn't stop and work because the officers were too close on his trail. He had what was called the "Black Jack Gang" there. They robbed the train right south of Folsom,

New Mexico, twice. There were five men in it.

The third time old Tom Ketchum attempted to rob it by himself. Prior to that during the second robbery they made there of that train, the officers followed them and killed Tom Ketchum's brother, Sam, up there in the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Old Tom's bunch quit him then after the officers wounded another one of the robbers. The bandits killed a sheriff by the name of Farr.

Later on after his main bunch had quit him he came back there and attempted to rob that train by himself. He boarded the train down there in Folsom, and had his horses tied to a telegraph pole. He always kept a pack horse and one to ride. He tied them at a place now called Des Moines. There were stockyards there but no town there then. He walked down to Folsom and boarded the train there. He got on the coal-tender. (Everything was fired with coal then.)

When they got up near where his horses were, he climbed over the coal-tender and told the engineer to slow her down, and stop it. He stopped the train and Ketchum told the "brakie" to uncouple the express car and go on down the track. He said, "Make it quick too, or I'll make it quick for you!"

The "brakie" uncoupled the train, and when he started to the express car a man stuck his head out the window of one of the coaches. Ketchum had one of these thirty-forty Winchesters, high-powered. When this fellow stuck his head out the window he shot him right in the chin and just tore all of one jaw off. When the shot was fired, another man heard the shot and stuck his head out the window. Ketchum shot at him and just tore the flesh off one of his jaws.

Old Ed Harrington was conductor of that train. It seemed it was old Ed's train they'd robbed every time. The railroad company had begun to get a little suspicious that Harrington stood in with the game. Harrington had laid himself in a sawed-off shotgun loaded with buckshot. When Ketchum shot the second man in the jaw, old Ed stuck that old gun out and bursted Ketchum's right arm right in the elbow. That stopped the robbery right off the reel. The train coupled up and went on down the line.

The next morning the ex-sheriff of Union County was in Clayton. He boarded the first freight that came along and started to go up to Folsom with his Winchester to see if he could be of any help in capturing those fellows. When they got close to the stockyards where the town of Des Moines now stands, where Ketchum had had his horses tied, he saw a fellow waving his black hat. They stopped

the train and this ex-sheriff, Bernardi, went out there. It was "Black Jack" (Tom) Ketchum. His horses had broken loose over the shooting there that night, and he was there afoot with that arm. He'd bled pretty badly and was quite weak.

They took him and went up to Trinidad and had his arm cut off. Then they took him to Santa Fe and finally had a trial in which he was sentenced to hang. He'd killed lots of men.

I went over to Clayton the day before he was to hang. Because I was a deputy sheriff in Union County at that time, I went down to the jail. (I was also stock inspector.)

The jailer said, "You're just the man we're looking for. We want you to go in there on the 'death watch,' in the jail with Ketchum. We're expecting a mob here to rescue him. We want every man here well armed."

In the courthouse, in the jail, and every place else they had men armed with shotguns and Winchesters in case a bunch of those outlaws came in there to rescue him.

I was in jail there with him from one o'clock one day to one the next day when we took him out to hang him. He told me all about his past life. He told me about the first man he ever killed. He's the only one he told me he

did kill. He'd tell about shooting them and how they acted when he'd shoot them. He'd just laugh about it, but he didn't say he killed them. But we knew of lots of men he had killed.

The first man he killed was a school teacher in Texas, down in the mesquite country. Ketchum was fourteen years old at the time. The teacher whipped him for something he shouldn't have done. He loaded an old muzzle-loading shotgun with chunks of lead and lay at the footpath where this teacher came through the mesquite brush to a little log school house the next morning, and shot him and killed him. He was dodging from then on. When he was hung he was forty-five years old.

That night when I was in the jail there with him, I was sitting there with a sawed-off shotgun loaded with buckshot lying across my lap. He told me, "Now I haven't a thing in the world against you, but if I can get ahold of a gun I'm going to sell out to you just as dear as I can."

I said, "Boy, if you get away with it with me, it's okay."

That night after nine o'clock in came the jailer with a brand new suit of clothes for him to put on from the skin out. He brought them in and laid them down, and then he came back with a common old washtub with water in it for

Ketchum to bathe. The jailer had a forty-five six-shooter hanging on his right hip and a belt full of cartridges. He had ahold of the handles of that washtub. Ketchum was sitting on a kind of cot. That jailer turned around with that six-shooter within three feet of that murderer whose eyes were as quick as a cat. He'd look at me, then he'd look at the gun. He saw I was on the job or he'd have grabbed it. When he looked at that gun I raised and I said, "Oh, no, boy, let her alone!"

He didn't reach for it, but if he did I'd have had to kill him. I sure did tell it to that jailer and told it to him good and strong too, and I didn't do it in very polite language. I told him what I'd do with him if he came back in there with that gun ahanging around there, or if he came back there with one. I said, "You don't need any gun to come in here."

When Ketchum got through with his bath and put on his clean clothes the jailer came back for the tub, but he didn't have any gun.

When I raised up with the gun Ketchum said, "You're on the job, boy."

I said, "That's what I'm here for, Tom."

If he'd gotten that gun I'd been the first man who was killed. No mistake about it. But I didn't intend to

be that. I'm sorry I had to come so close to killing him, but I didn't do it, and I'm glad of it.

Ketchum had told me about the "spiel" he was going to make on the scaffold, and all that kind of stuff. He said, "I'm going to tell you fellows all about it tomorrow." But he didn't make any "spiel" on the scaffold. When we walked out there with him he just walked right out, but he didn't have any color in his face only a little red spot on each cheek about as big as a dollar. The rest of his face was all like a corpse it was so white.

He climbed the thirteen steps. They put the rope around his neck, put a black cloth over his head and were pinning it down to his coat. Before they got it pinned he said, "Let 'er go!" But they weren't quite ready yet, so they finished pinning it down to his coat, and he said, "Let 'er go!" The sheriff cut the rope that held the trap door and he went all right. He went down about seven feet. So that ended his career.

Just a short time ago, it's been about two months I guess, I got a letter from a woman in New York City with a self-addressed envelope in it, making inquiry about that hanging of Black Jack Ketchum. I answered the letter and answered her questions and told her that I was the only living man today that took an active part in the execution of Tom Ketchum, which I am.

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

The plan of this wire-recorded account is partly topical and loosely chronological. It is a record of one who knew at first hand those boundless seas of grass which symbolize man's flaming devotion to the land's freedom.

It attempts to give one man's personal reminiscences of social conditions on the last frontier where the pioneers experienced--incident to that life--long days of hard work, empty pocketbooks, droughts, and blizzards. It endeavors to give some idea of the huge cattle ranches of the Eighties and Nineties and the gradual limitation of those holdings by encroaching farmers and the hated "bob-wire" fence--an improvement which cattlemen despised but which they were the first to adopt. It attempts to show social history in the making as one individual recalled his own experiences in roaming the plains and mountains, sharing the dangers and drama of the last frontier. He has told of the frontier as it was, not as it has been sublimated in fiction or film--the youngest part of America, still.

The region has now become old enough to be proud of its past and to boast of it in its own way. It is a

symbol of freedom, of man against hostile nature, of man independent, of man and new lands, nomadic, heroic, adventuresome, hard but generous, tested but indefatigable.

There would appear to be real value in collecting recorded experiences of early pioneers in California, and establishing such a collection in the Archives of the College of the Pacific in connection with the California History Foundation. Doctor Rockwell D. Hunt and many others could relate many early experiences which should be recorded for posterity. According to Doctor Mody Boatright, the University of Texas has such a collection, with approved projects for dissertations based partly on recorded interviews. The University furnishes the equipment for the candidate, and he interviews the people and uses the material as data for his dissertation. Revealing tales and anecdotes, informative sketches of people and places and incidents which are our heritage would thus be preserved.

We are only now beginning to appreciate the pioneers who produced America's native folk-culture. Against the background of a "plains-born" democracy, the investigator has attempted to show the earliest forms of institutions and traditions being forged on the hard anvil of frontier necessity. An effort has been made to capture the real spirit of the West.

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GLOSSARY

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batching	--	living alone and cooking one's own food
bows and sheet	--	bent strips of wood serving as arches to support the canvas of a covered wagon
"brakie"	--	slang for the brakeman on a train
brakes	--	a thicket
breech-loading	--	a firearm receiving the charge at breech or rear part behind the bore
broom tails	--	range horses, usually mares, which have long, loose, coarse, heavy tails
buffalo wallow	--	a depression which had been hollowed out by the wallowing of buffaloes
"burned the horses"	--	said of changing the brands on horses illegally
"cannon"	--	slang for a .45 caliber pistol. Sometimes referred to as a "hog-leg"
cap rock	--	the steep slope or precipitous face of a ridge on the High Plains
cattleman	--	a ranch owner who raises cattle
center fire	--	designating a cartridge fired by the striking of the hammer or firing pin upon the center of the base--opposed to rim-fire
chink and daub	--	to make close or weather-tight by inserting pieces of wood, stone, etc., and plastering with clay and mud
Cimarron	--	Spanish word meaning wild, untamed, unbroken
circle the first saddle	--	while one cowboy is riding an unbroken horse, another rides around the bucking horse to keep him from getting into holes, ditches, etc.

"covered me" -- kept the gun pointed at me

cowboy -- a ranch worker or cowpuncher

creased him -- one method of capturing wild mustangs was to crease them. This mean to place a rifle bullet in the top of its neck, just enough to stun the animal and knock it down so it could be tied down before recovering from the shock

cut out -- the act of riding into a herd of cattle, selecting the animal to be cut, and keeping it on the move away from the herd and toward the cut being formed

cutting horse -- a horse highly trained for the act of cutting out cattle from the herd

death watch -- the guard set over a criminal before his execution

door jamb -- an upright piece forming the side of an opening, as of a door

dovetailed -- fastened together by a joint made by letting narrow projecting tenons fit into corresponding indentures

drawshave -- a carpenter's tool consisting of a handle at each end, used for shaping pieces of wood

filly -- a female colt

first saddle -- the first time an unbroken horse is ridden with a saddle, and each first time thereafter until he is more gentle

froe -- a tool consisting of a long blade provided with a short stout handle used for splitting shingles from a piece of log

gain -- a notch as in timber, made in the side or edge of a piece to receive another bar of the frame

Gallup saddle	--	a saddle made by a man by the name of Gallup, who lived in Denver
"gled rags"	--	the cowboy's very best clothes
"got 'im uncocked"-	--	riding a horse long enough each time to take the kinks out of his back, especially if he wasn't gentle
"got the drop on us"	--	pulled a gun on us first, ordering us to hold up our hands
"green"	--	indicating an inexperienced person, a term applied to human beings new to riding horses or working with cattle
"grub"	--	slang for victuals or food
hack	--	a light, open spring-wagon kept for personal use or for hire
hackamore	--	a rope tied around the neck of a horse, then looped around his nose to guide him
hackel	--	variant of jacal. A rudely constructed Mexican hut
hobble	--	to apply to a horse a leather cuff or other material about each foreleg, the two cuffs being connected with a short chain
hock joint	--	the joint in the hind leg of a quadruped which corresponds to the heel and ankle of man, but is elevated and bends backward
Indian Territory	--	the district lying west of and immediately adjoining Arkansas and Missouri
"jingle-bob" brand	--	made by splitting the ear deeply so that the lower half flops downward
lope	--	to gallop slowly and steadily with an easy, swinging motion

"lost his bacon"	--	said of one killed
"lost his head"	--	when a horse lowered his head between his forelegs preparatory to start bucking
"lick"	--	molasses
maverick	--	an unbranded animal of unknown ownership
mesa	--	a flat-topped hill or mountain
mess house	--	cowboy eating quarters at the home ranch
mess wagon	--	another name for the chuck or food wagon
morral	--	a feed bag for a horse
mouldboard	--	the smooth, curved plate in a plow which turns over the furrow slice
mount	--	the horses assigned to a cowboy for his personal use
night horse	--	a horse ridden only at night. Sure-footed, clear-sighted, and the most intelligent horse a cowboy had
on circle	--	during the round-up, searching out and driving before one to a designated holding spot all the cattle found over a wide range of territory
outfit	--	the ranch, together with its buildings, cattle, and employees; the combined people engaged in any one enterprise or living in any one establishment; a party of people traveling together, or the physical belongings of any person or group of persons
outlaw horse	--	a wild horse which cannot be broken
outside man	--	the cowboy who represented his brand at an outside ranch

prairie schooner -- a large wagon provided with a canvas cover stretched over hoops suggesting a schooner under sail, used for the transportation of household goods, people, etc., to new settlements in the West

pull leather -- to catch hold of the saddle horn during the riding of a bucking horse

put a quedar on it -- to put a stop to

quarter horse -- an old name for the quarter-of-a-mile race horse, now commonly called quarter horse

quirt -- a flexible, woven leather whip, made with a short stock about a foot long, and carrying a lash made of three or four heavy loose thongs. Derived from the Mexican cuerta, meaning whip.

remuda -- the extra saddle horses assigned to each rider for his personal use on the round-up or on the trail, and not at the time under saddle. The average remuda holds from ninety to one hundred horses, the number necessary to mount a cow outfit of eight to ten men. (Pronounced remootha in the Southwest.)

ride out -- partly breaking horses so one man could rope them, lead them out, and saddle them

rolled the steel -- used the spurs freely

rollers in his nose -- an expression used by the cowboys to describe the snort made by a horse

roping horse -- a horse especially useful for roping

shaving horse -- a bench on which a workman sits astride while shaving down work, as with a drawing knife

slicker -- an oilskin coat always rolled neatly behind the cantle or back part of the seat of the saddle

South Park -- an area down the Cimarron River from Kenton, Oklahoma, so named by the cowboys. It had no timber but contained mounds of rocks, mesas, and gaps in the mountains

span of mules -- a pair of mules

squatter -- one who settled on state or government land to take up a claim or homestead

strings -- little rawhide strings whose underlying purpose was to hold the saddle leathers together, but the ends were tied and left hanging, which added to the appearance as well as usefulness in tying on packages.

"Texas fever" -- a splenic fever caused by ticks and spread, by the immune but tick-infested cattle of the southern country, to the cattle of the more northern latitudes. Also known as "Southern" and "Spanish fever."

Texequite -- a tributary of the Cimarron River near the New Mexico line. Derived from Spanish meaning moss or mould in the grass.

"The River" -- the Cimarron River

"The Territory" -- referring to the Indian Territory

"the West End" -- the west end of No Man's Land

"uncocked" -- see "got 'im uncocked"

wrangler -- the cowboy who herded the extra horses

yoke of cattle -- two animals coupled together by the neck for work with a wooden frame having a bow at each end